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The Milkmaid's Song.

MILKMAID (singing without).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.
Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow;
Cuff him could I with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.
Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

The Dying Trooper.

Steady, boys, steady! keep your arms ready!
God only knows who we may meet here;
Don't let me be taken! I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where,
Than to lie in that foul prison hole over there.
Step slowly! speak lowly!
These rocks may have life!
Lay me down in this hollow;
We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood;
No! no surgeon for me—he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade;
What! Morris, a'tear? Why, shame of thee, man;
I thought you a hero; but since you've began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what in thunder it means.

Well, well, I am rough—'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper; but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And boys that you love me, I very well know.
But wasn't it grand!

When they came down the hill, over sloughing and sand?
But we stood, did we not, like immovable rock?
Unheeding their balls, and repelling their shock?
Did you mind that loud cry, when, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
Oh! wasn't it grand?

God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight;
No time was there given for prayer or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the slough ing and sand.
Huzza!!
Good heavens! this bullet-hole gapes like the grave,
A curse on the aim of a traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray?
Pray! pray! "Our Father, our Father!"
Why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? great God how I bleed.
Ebbing away, ebbing away—
The light of the day is turning to gray!
Pray! pray!
Our Father in heaven—boys tell me the rest,
While I stanuch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
There is something about a forgiveness of sin—
Put that in—put that in—and then
I'll follow your words, and say an "Amen."
Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand
And Wilson, my comrade, oh, wasn't it grand!
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by that brave little crowd?
Where's Wilson? my comrade—here stoop down your head;
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?
"Christ, God! who died for sinners all,
Here Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall,
Unheeded by Thy graceous eye.
Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,
And take him, pleading, to Thy arms,
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."
God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn;
It is light to my path, when my sight has grown dim;
I am dying—bend down 'till I touch you once more,
Don't forget me old fellow—God prosper this war;
Confusion to enemies—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land.

A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see you sweet little face without it."

"Thou shouldst not speak so, Charles. It is very wrong."

"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me why?"

"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. We ought to bear our testimony against the vanity of personal looks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it pleased Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin?"

"Hush, Charles. I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner." And Dorothy Hicks, the little Quakeress, put on her gravest air, and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

"Don't look so serious, little girl. You positively alarm me." And Charles Maynard burst into a merry laugh that echoed through the poplar trees in the old garden. "Now, tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, and, as a member of your family, I consider that I have the right to be informed—are you going to marry Broadbrim?"

"Friend Ephraim is an estimable man, Charles. Thou must not speak of him thus."

"Look, Dorothy. There he is. I will quote no proverbs, but the rim of his hat turned the corner just as I spoke. Now don't look as if you intended to go back to the house, for you are not going. I'll tell you a secret. When I was down by the river this morning I found a boat with a tempting pair of oars lying in it, and I made up my mind that Dorothy Hicks and her wicked, worldly cousin from the iniquitous city of New York were going for a row in that very boat this evening."

"It is Neighbor Hancock's boat."

"He will let us have it?"

"Y-e-s. But, Charles, I fear that it is my duty"—

"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you do want to go and watch the sunset on the river with me."

Dorothy looks doubtfully toward the house and wishfully toward the river.

"'Femme qui hesite est perdue,' Dorothy, which meansif we don't hurry, Graycoat will come out and catch us." Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to the shore.

"But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm!"

"But there will not. Come, jump in."

The oars are lifted into the rowlocks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder into her little hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbles behind them. It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the east and in the west; the clouds, blood-red and purple, are casting a rosy light all over the broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing round their faces; and waves splash against the sides of their little boat like low monotonous music. Charles is talking about his city home, telling Dorothy about the aunt and cousins she has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college days, and his efforts to make his way in his profession, which at first were so unsuccessful. Neither of them notices that the breeze grows every moment stronger and fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they have fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screams Dorothy. "The storm is on us!"

But there is no turning back. They have been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about the water rushes into the tiny boat. Both faces grow pale in the murky light as they see their danger.

"It is impossible; you cannot do it."

"Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?"

"It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered;" and with a low moan Dorothy sinks down from her seat and covers her face with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The tide will not turn for an hour."

The effort is successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the highest rock, and lays her gently down.

"My love, my little love," he cries, kissing her helpless hands, "have I killed you?"

"Stop!" she cries. "Listen! There is a boat. It is coming to us." Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephraim Ford has followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he nears they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries; "I will not take but one of you. It is not safe."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotionless face, wrenches away the slender hands that cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms, lays her at his own feet in the bottom of his boat. No word is spoken until they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up again and carries her to the nearest fisher's hut upon the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her white lips.

"Go back! go back! You will go back for him!"

"Go back for your elegant city lover, whose ignorant carelessness had cost you your life but for me!"

Dorothy falls on her knees and grasps his cold hand in an agony of entreaty.

"Go back! go back!"

"Promise me first that you will not marry him. Swear it as the world's people do." Then he takes her hand and holds it up to heaven, and waits for the oath.

Dorothy's lips move, but no sound comes. She has fainted.

The fisher-wife takes the unconscious child and lays her on her own bed, and Ephraim Ford goes upon his errend of mercy with murder in his heart.

The storm has lulled for a moment. It comes on so gradually, stopping every now and then as if to make the earth believe that it were doubtful of its powers. The tempest knows its strength and can afford to wait.

Ephraim looks at the sky. It is still red in the west, the waves are rising steadily, but his strongly built boat, directed by his powerful strength, can yet make its way through them. There is yet plenty of time; the tide will not turn for half an hour.

Ephraim fights his battle with temptation, and wins the victory, for twenty minutes later the sturdy boat plows its way back to the shore, and two silent men struggle against the wind up the beach to the fisherman's hut.

Dorothy is waiting for them. Her outstretched arms would wind themselves about both, but the stern, fixed look in Ephraim's eyes restrains her, and Charles turns from her and fixes his glance upon the ground.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows that they both love her, and she shivers at the suffering she sees in both faces. Then she remembers the oath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her soul. She speaks at last, and tries to thank Ephraim for the service he has done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in the slow, solemn tone peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear of it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath, Dorothy; I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Wilt thou forswear thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers, and become one of the world's people?"

Dorothy's eyes looked toward Charles with mute appeal.

"He has saved both our lives, dear," answers the younger man, in reply to her glance, "and he is worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the ground again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his dearest treasure.

"Speak, Dorothy," Ephraim repeats. "It is for you to choose."

Dorothy's voice is choked with tears, and her breast shaken with sobs, as she answers:

"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephraim, but I love him so!"

Then she stretches out her helpless hands, and the sweet lips whisper: "Charles."

Only a single word, but it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes unheeded out into the storm to conquer his heartache alone.

Something About Soap.

Many housewives imagine that the quantity of lather produced is a sure indication of the good quality of soap. This is not correct. The lather is produced by the borax or sal soda that has been mixed with the soap. If a great deal of borax or sal soda has been used then the lather will quickly come in large quantities; if not, the case will be different. Soap that gives no lather is just as good as any other if it has its proper consistency of caustic soda, which, in reality, is the great washing power. Laundry soap or ordinary toilet soap is made of saponified oil. Curd soap is remelted and crushed and is the purest commercial article. Fancy soaps are made of pure curd, scented and tinted. Honey soap contains no honey and is flavored with the oil of citronella. Old Windsor is turned brown by age or by mixing caramel with soap. The transparent soap is made by mixing spirit and evaporating.

Railroad Accidents.

The *Railroad Gazette* gives a list of the railroad accidents in the United States during the year ending with May, which is as follows:

	No. of Accidents.	Killed.	Injured.
June	83	22	55
July	64	20	104
August	73	16	77
September	89	27	106
October	81	16	60
November	82	13	69
December	74	12	49
January	131	10	96
February	211	11	186
March	122	17	73
April	60	9	67
May	54	6	48
Totals	1,124	179	984

TIMELY TOPICS.

Postal cards are becoming popular. The department reports the sale of about 13,000,000 more this year than last.

Of the 255,000 headstones that mark the resting places of Union soldiers in national cemeteries, 195,000 are for graves of the unknown.

Japan has coins of so small a value that it takes a thousand of them to make a dollar. Nowadays people in this favored land are in very much the same condition.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's four months' work in London figures up the astonishing total of two hundred and eighty-five meetings, with an aggregate attendance of 2,170,000 persons.

The Mormons have established a colony and branch of their Church at Clarksburg, West Virginia. They also have a weekly newspaper. The number of Mormons in West Virginia is said to be considerable and increasing.

So far this year there have been two and a quarter million tons less of coal mined and marketed in the United States than in 1874. It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate on the part of those who have no spare money, yet must have coal.

Chicken pie is a very poor diet when the chickens composing it have been feeding on potato bugs. This fact was thoroughly established by a Grand Rapids (Mich.) family, ten in number, who narrowly escaped death from eating such chicken pie.

The Cornell boat crew took the hint for their paper shell from the West, where houses are made of paper that stand the prairie storms admirably. Both crews used the paper boats, and both won. It is fair to presume that paper boats will be all the rage now.

The triumph of the youngest of the universities in the college races at Saratoga was a matter of genuine surprise to the majority of outsiders. Harvard had the prestige of age and experience, and Yale was warmed up to the work by her defeat of last year. But the strength and skill of the crews from Cayuga lake prevailed, and the new men are the center of the ovation that follows.

More than a thousand enterprising persons came to grief under the common delusion that they could edit newspapers in the United States last year, but, at the same time, it must be understood that a thousand other people wanted to learn and embark; and in the same enterprise, and it is fair to presume that a thousand others will follow the same course as each year rolls by.

The legal profession in New York once (this was a great many years ago) consisted of one lawyer, but his request to the Amsterdam authorities for leave to practice in the courts was granted only to the extent of allowing him to give advice. With a strict Dutch sense of justice, he was forbidden to plead, on the ground that as there was no other lawyer in the colony there would be no one to oppose him.

Harvest hands are sorely needed throughout the country just now, and there is a chance for men who are out of work, and who mean what they say when they announce that they want work. On every corner and about every grocery in every city, town and village are daily to be found loungers and by the score, whose delicate hands would not be in the least injured by a little work in the harvest field. But they will not go—not they—they will starve first.

Important Answers.

Why does exercise promote health? Because it assists all the functions upon which life depends. It quickens circulation, and thereby nourishes every part of the body, causing the bones to become firm and the muscles to become full and healthy. It promotes breathing, by which oxygen is taken into the system, and carbon thrown off, and thereby it produces a higher degree of organic life and strength than would otherwise exist. It promotes perspiration, by which, through the millions of pores in the skin, much of the fluid of the body is changed and purified. What is sleep? Sleep is understood to be that state of the body in which the relation of the brain to some parts of the body is temporarily suspended. There are some parts of the body that never sleep; such are the heart, the lungs, the order of circulation, and those parts of the nervous system that direct their operations. Why do we dream? Dreams appear to arise from the excitement of the brain during those hours when its connection with the other parts of the living organism is suspended. For instance, a man dreams that he is pursued by a ferocious animal, and the mind passes through all the excitement of flying from danger; but the connection between the moving power and the machinery of motion being suspended, no motion takes place. Why do we cough? Because the respiratory organs are excited by the presence of something foreign or unnatural to them. A cough is an effort on the part of the air-tubes to free themselves from some source of irritation. And so important are the organs of breathing to the welfare of the bodies, that the muscles of the chest, back and abdomen unite in the endeavor to get rid of the exciting substance. Why do we sigh? The action of sighing arises from similar causes to those of yawning, but in sighing the nervous depression is caused by grief, while in yawning it is the result of fatigue. In sighing, the effect is generally caused by an expiration—in yawning by an inspiration. The mind, wearied and weakened by sorrow, omits for a few seconds to continue the respiratory process, and then suddenly there comes an involuntary expiration of the breath, causing a faint sound as it passes the organs of the voice.

The Unfortunate Potato.

The potato is an unfortunate tuber. In 1845 it was the subject of the most destructive disease that ever attacked the vegetable food of man. To this day the cause of the potato rot is almost as much a mystery as when it caused the Irish famine. The health of the plant has not yet been fully restored everywhere, the rot still prevailing in parts of Great Britain. But in this country the potato was in general pretty sound, especially at the West. There its new enemy has overtaken it, and within a few years past we have heard terrible stories of the Colorado potato bug. This insect has been steadily traveling on its devastating path, crossing the Mississippi and the Alleghanies, till now we have it in Westchester and Kings counties. Nothing but paris green seems to interfere with its existence successfully. As all things have their uses, perhaps the mission of this insect pest is to promote cleanliness in the kitchen. Prudent housekeekers will nowadays insist upon the washing of potatoes before they are cooked.

How One Man Defied a Mob.

Some newspaper has lately unearthed a story of mob law in Henry county, Kentucky, in 1859, a story which will bear condensation and which should go down to posterity, describing an example to be imitated and a scene to be immortalized. In 1859 there resided in the county named several brothers bearing the name of Henry, one of whom was charged with murder. He was acquitted upon trial, but the mob was dissatisfied with the verdict and demanded that not only the man charged with the crime but all his brothers should leave the country. One of the brothers thus unjustly banned was slow to leave, and in consequence was assailed, being shot at and narrowly escaping with his life. His wife and children were afterward taken to him by a young man named Hunly. Then the mob demanded that Hunly should leave the region. Hunly went to his house and told his aged parents of the situation. They decided not to obey the mob and barricaded the house. On the next day the mob came, twenty men and numbers of respectable citizens who dare not resist. The mob rode up to the house and demanded the body of young Hunly. The old mother appeared at a window and replied that her son had committed no offense; he had simply aided an innocent woman and her children; he would not be driven out of the county like a criminal; she and her husband were prepared to die with him. Then she bowed and retired. The mob crowded forward, but there was a man among the spectators to be heard. As the old mother ceased talking, he came forward with tears on his face, and said: "Of all fortunes in life there is nothing like its fortunate ending. A man should be esteemed fortunate who finds an answer to the old Methodist prayer, 'Lord give us a good time to get out of the world.' I may live a hundred years without finding another opportunity to so happily end my life. I am blessed! My prayer is answered! I will die with these people!" Then drawing his pistol, the man (his name was Pollard) placed his back to the door and his face to the mob. The effect was grand. Hesitating citizens, lacking but the nerve to oppose ruffianism, rushed to Pollard's support. The mob fled for their lives before the desperate resolve of the men before them, and Hunly and his family were saved. Pollard's name is still a synonym for brave manhood in Henry county, and his glorious example has done not a little good. Could a grander speech be conceived than this brief one of six clean sentences? And is not the story one to become immortal?

Up in the Mountains.

The highest point in the world where arrangements are made for scientific observations is the summit of Pike's peak. There, 14,366 feet above the level of the sea, is a rudely constructed stone house, where live three men, the observing sergeant and his two assistants. During seven months of the year these men are shut off from all intercourse with other human beings. Early in November they house themselves, and live on the provisions they have stored up and the meats they have buried in the snow. When the atmosphere is in a proper condition for the telegraph to work, some scraps of news are obtained, but they cannot reach the world below nor the world get to them. The observations made from this lofty point are sent to almost every enlightened European nation. The station was established here in August, 1873, the special object being to learn something about the upper currents of the atmosphere. The principal instruments used are the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, anemometer, and the rain-gauge. One of the most remarkable phenomena seen on Pike's peak is the electric storm. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* recently visited the summit signal station, and to him Mr. Brown, the observing sergeant, thus describes these storms:

They generally begin with hail, and last from half an hour to four hours. The whole atmosphere is full of electricity. Sheets of fire are everywhere. Sparks crackle about your clothes and in your hair, and fill the buffalo robes and the bedding. The electricity comes through the roof, through the windows, and up from the floor. It seems as though you are in a battery. If you go out doors, a cloud of electricity rests on the whole peak. It comes from the rocks; the clouds are full of it. The lightning plays below in fearful intensity * * * One's hair literally stands on end.

Mr. Brown also stated that he had seen the frosts a foot deep all over the summit, on windows, doors, rocks, and particularly on metals. Sometimes it gathers on the telegraph wires to the depth of eight inches, and frequently breaks the wire and stops communication. Such are some of the features of life on Pike's peak.

Beware of Them.

Opium in one of its forms enters largely into the composition of many of the pain-killers and patent medicines so freely advertised for domestic use in the present day, and for this reason the greatest care is needed in having recourse to any of them. Taken, perhaps, in the first instance, to alleviate the torments of neuralgia or toothache, what proves to be a remedy soon becomes a source of gratification, which the wretchedness that follows on abstinence renders increasingly difficult to lay aside. The same must be said of narcotics, such as bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral, frequently resorted to as a remedy for sleeplessness; the system quickly becomes habituated to their use, and they can then be relinquished only at the cost of much suffering. Indeed, the last mentioned of these two drugs obtains over the mind a power which may be compared to that of opium, and is, moreover, liable to occasion the disease known as chloralism, by which the system ultimately becomes a complete wreck.

Why He Rode.

Leo Lespes, the brilliant French writer who died recently, never went on foot, but this custom was introduced, says *Chariçari*, by Count d'Alton-Shee, and had the following origin. One day he was walking in Paris with a young lady, who suddenly said:

"Oh! what a charming bracelet! Look there, my friend."

So he bought it. A little further on she saw a fan.

"Ah! the delicious fan!" quoth she. He bought it. A little further and she saw an ebony casket.

"Ah! what a casket!" said she, "I've wanted just such a one ever so long!"

How could he help buying it?

The next day the count said to himself: "Let us always take a cabriolet; it will not cost more than walking."

A Hint on Healthy Dress.

Multitudes of persons of both sexes lose health, and oftentimes life, by busying themselves until warm and weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, or in a room without a fire, or by removing their outer garments after a long walk. If you have to walk and ride both, do the riding first, and, on returning, go to a warm room, and keep on all your wraps until cool, even if you suffer some discomfort.

Races of Men in the Pacific.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who accompanied the government expedition to explore the islands in the vicinity of Australia, thus describes a race of people of whom but little is known:

We anchored near Admiralty island, and very shortly a number of very fine canoes thirty feet to forty feet long, and with crews of from ten to sixteen, came off to the ship. The canoes were much on the same plan as those we had seen in New Guinea, but more than double the size. The body of the canoe is cut out of a single tree, very symmetrically formed, and really, in a certain sense, a work of art, and one of great patience and labor. The natives are Papuan Melanesians, but, as the Admiralty islands form New Hanover, New Ireland, and New Britain, it is probable that they partake more of the character of the inhabitants of these islands than of those of New Guinea proper. They are a trifle over five feet in height, and their color is quite dusky, but that may possibly be due to their making general use of black pigment, for we found on better acquaintance that some of their color was apt to come off on the clothes or hands. Their hair is black and frizzled, and they wear it short and rarely bleach or dye it. They are quite naked, with the exception of a very narrow loin-cloth, and often, in lieu of this, they wear a single shell, plain or elaborately ornamented, of the white egg cowry. The hair is sometimes tied in a knot at the top of the head by a band of tapps, and a favorite ornament for the front of the top-knot is a disk, three inches or so across, cut out of the white inner substance of the shell of the pearl oyster, which is polished and then overlaid with another disk of very thin tortoise-shell, often cut out into a very elegant pattern. A similar disk of larger size is worn suspended from the neck as a breast-plate. The nose ornaments are long pieces of bone, hung from a short cross-piece, which passes through the septum of the nose; and the earrings and the bracelets, which they wear on the upper arm, are rings of shell, cut from a large *turbo*. It is singular that the arms and implements of the Admiralty islanders differ completely from those of the Hapuans whom we previously visited at one of the neighboring islands. In Admiralty island bows are unknown. The canoes all carried large sheaves of spears, with heavy heads of obsidian and light shafts, six to seven feet long; they throw these with great force and accuracy, taking hold of the shaft just below the head, where the weight of the spear was balanced. They also use long, sharp knives or daggers of obsidian, which they stick into an ornamental bracelet of plaited grasses which they wear on the left upper arm. Almost every man had over his shoulder a neatly mounted little adze, made of a small piece of hoop-iron, or frequently of better and thicker iron than ordinary hoop, with a bent hard wood handle; a few still carried what must have preceded the iron adze—an implement of the same form, but with the cutting part made of a piece of a thick spiral shell ground down in a particular way.

A Scene in the New York Police Court.

"Johnson, the officer says that you were drunk, and that you haven't drawn a sober breath for a week. How is that, Johnson?" the justice asked of the next prisoner.

"Yer honor," said Johnson, as he dropped one arm over the rail and leaned back heavily on the policeman, who supported him by the shoulder, "it's true. I've been drunk for a week, as you say, an' I haven't got a word to say to defend myself. I've been in this here court, I guess, a hundred times before an' every time I've asked your honor to let me off light. But this time I don't have no fear. You can send me up for ten days or you can send me up for ten years, it's all one now." As he spoke he brushed away a tear with his hat; and when he paused he coughed a dry, racking cough, and drew his tattered coat closer about his throat. "When I went up before," he continued, "I always counted the days an' the hours till I'd come off. This time I'll count the blocks to the Potter's Field. I'm almost gone, judge."

He paused again, and looked down to his almost shoeless feet.

"When I was a little country boy," he went on, "my mother used to say to me: 'Charlie, if you want to be a man, never touch liquor,' an' I'd answer: 'No, mother, I never will.' If I'd kept that promise, you an' me wouldn't have been so well acquainted, judge. If I could only be a boy again for half a day. If I could go into the old schoolhouse just once more, an' see the boys an' girls as I used to see them in the old days, I could lay right down an' die happy. But it's too late. Send me up, judge. Make it for ten days, or make it for life. It don't make no difference. One way would be as short as the other. All I ask now is to die alone. I've been in crowded tenements for years. If I can be alone a little while before I go, I'll drop off contented."

The shoulder of the muddy coat slipped from the policeman's hand, and the used-up man fell in a heap to the floor. He was carried to the little room behind the rail. His temples were bathed, and his wrists were chafed. But it was no use. Though his heart still beat, he was fast going to join his schoolmates who have crossed the flood. The shutters were bowed, the door was closed. He might die contented, for he was left alone.

Depth of the Great Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario, which is 500 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now as the discharge through the Detroit river, after following all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive. It has been conjected that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lake without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical observation of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

An Economical Mourner.

A gentleman dressed in all-black presented himself, one day, at the box office of the Theater Comique, in Paris. "Madam," said he to the ticket agent, with tears in his eyes, "I wish a box in order to place therein the body of my wife at the moment when the 'Requiem' of M. Verdi is played." "Why," cried the stupefied ticket agent, "is your wife dead?" "Yes; I lost her yesterday, and I thought that a requiem would cost me less here than at the church; and then would permit me to hear the work of M. Verdi."

The "Fever Tree."

The encalyptus, or blue-gum tree of Australia, was discovered by a French scientist, Lahillardiere, who visited Van Dieman's Land in 1792. The great size and beauty of the tree soon gave it a place in the botanical gardens of Europe. Its medicinal qualities, however, for which it is now so famous, do not seem to have become known until about thirty years ago. The colonists of Tasmania used it for a great variety of purposes, but were ignorant of its power as an antiseptic. This was apparently discovered in Spain. In 1860 the neighborhood of the city of Valentia was planted with the encalyptus. A marked improvement in the healthfulness of the locality followed. The Spaniards forthwith dubbed it the "fever tree." It was soon afterward introduced into Algeria, the climate of which seemed especially adapted to it. It may be fairly said to be naturalized there, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the La Plata States of South America, and in California.

After a trial for many years in southern France, it has failed, as a rule, to become hardy, or to suck up and destroy the poisonous vapors of the swamps in which it was planted. The few dozen specimens planted within the walls of Rome are nearly all alive, but very few of them are vigorous. Within a year or two the Trappist monks at the Tre Fontane convent have set out large plantations of the trees, and are tending them with the utmost care. This may be fairly looked upon as a decisive experiment. The place known as the Tre Fontane—the Three Fountains—lies some miles south of Rome, and is the seat of a magnificent monastery. Yet its climate is so deadly that the splendid buildings, rich in mosaics, marbles and frescoes, are wholly deserted during the summer. Trying to live in them then would be certain death. If the blue-gum tree makes the Tre Fontane healthy, it can be relied on to do the same work anywhere else. Its record as an antiseptic and disinfectant is already a good one.

The districts in which it is indigenous are healthy, and those into which it has been transplanted and in which it has thriven have become healthy. A few miles from the city of Algiers there was a farm which was noted for its deadly fevers. Life on it in July was almost impossible. In the spring of 1867 thirteen hundred encalyptus were planted there. They were nine feet high by the next July, and not a case of fever appeared. Nor has one appeared since. Near Constantine, Algeria, there were vast swamps, never dry even in the hottest summers, and productive of violent periodic fevers. About fourteen thousand encalyptus trees dried up every square foot of swamp and killed the fever. Maison Carree, near Hanasch, was once a great market for quinine. The demand for that drug has ceased since the blue-gum tree was planted there. Mercantile books are said to show a similar decline in the amount of quinine consumed in Mexico and Cuba of late, and a similar cause is given for it. A very unhealthy railroad station in the department of Var, southern France, has been made healthy by a grove of forty of these remarkable trees.

The Perfection of Diet.

If all the boarding house keepers could be successful in getting such patrons as a man living at Cuthbert, Ga., there'd be more money in the boarding house business than in cutting off coupons from some railroad bonds. The character of this Cuthbert man came to light recently through an advertisement in the newspapers, where it was proposed to furnish, for five dollars, a recipe teaching one how to live on thirty-seven cents a week. The Cuthbert man, now sixty-four years old, read the advertisement and became indignant, asserting it to be sheer extravagance for one to spend so much a week, and making public the fact that his own provisions cost him not to exceed ten dollars a year. His process is simple, and is published for the benefit of civilized humanity. He has not taken a drink of liquor for over a quarter of a century; he never drank a cup of coffee in his life, or ate a pound of meat of any kind. He has no recollection of ever taking a dose of medicine or consulting a physician. He can walk fifteen or twenty miles as quickly as any young man in the country; is a man of family, and a model of moral and physical health. The secret of his diet is that it is plain corn bread and water, a diet which he asserts a man becomes accustomed to and will be thoroughly satisfied with. Such a man is this Georgia model, and such his advice. Undoubtedly he is wise, too, but it is difficult imagining a pleasant sound in a dinner horn repeating day after day and year after year the same old story of corn bread and water.

How He Prepared for Duty.

When Eph W. was elected constable up in Wayne township, Ohio, it was a sensation to him, and he could hardly realize it. It awakened visions of war and bloodshed, and he determined to put himself on a war footing. Wouldn't he have to command the peace? And wouldn't he have to bring the whole power of the army and navy to effect this purpose, if it were necessary? Then he procured a horse pistol, and securing a copy of a "warrant" he repaired to the forest, took a position under his vine and fig tree, as it were, where none dare molest him or make him afraid, and selecting a beech tree a foot in diameter, he read the document to it in a loud voice which fairly made the forest tremble. "Hold! you scoundrel!" he cried, "one foot more, and I'll blow your brains out!" Then bang went the horse pistol, but he missed the tree every time.

A Test Case.

Some years ago a German named Steineberg came to the United States and became a naturalized citizen. During his residence here a son was born to him. When this son was ten years of age, Steineberg returned to Germany and resumed allegiance to the German empire. Lately the son, who is twenty years of age, was drafted into the German army. He disputed the right of Germany to exact military service from him, asserting that he was by birth an American citizen, and appealed to the State department for protection. Young Steineberg asserts that he never renounced his citizenship, and argues that his removal from the United States was beyond his control. The case has been referred to the attorney-general, and is considered by him one of great importance and intricacy.

The New Postal Card.

The post-office department has adopted a new design for postal cards, prepared at the printing department of the treasury. On the upper left-hand corner is the monogram U. S., across which, in a scroll, are the words "postal card." On the upper right-hand corner is the stamp, nearly square, instead of elliptical, the sides of the stamp being composed of fasces and the top and bottom of the band scrolls, the top one having the legend "U. S. postage," the lower one "one cent." In the center of the stamp is the profile of the Goddess of Liberty. It will be printed in black upon card-board of *eau de nile* color, and will soon be ready for issue.

A Big Snake Story.

The Baltimore *American* says that considerable consternation exists at present among the people residing in the vicinity of Hall Springs, on the Harford road, about two miles from Baltimore, owing to stories about the appearance of a very large snake in the neighborhood. Those who think they have seen this snakeship say that he is fully fifteen feet long, about eight inches in diameter, and two feet in circumference. He was seen, it is said, on the place of Mr. J. F. Lee, the owner of the Olive mill. The snake passed through the garden, and came within a hundred feet of the stable. Its track was afterward measured by Mr. Lee, who states its dimensions to be eleven and a half inches in width in the narrowest place, and about fifteen inches in the widest. Mr. Lee's place is a short distance beyond Hall Springs, and is located on the east bank of Herring Run. On the west bank, opposite the dam, there is a large rock, with a sort of cave underneath. This is thought to be the den of the monster snake, who has been noticed on several occasions in the woods near by. The miller in the employ of Mr. Lee says that a few days before he noticed the snake lying, apparently asleep, under the breast of the dam. He apprised Mr. Lee, on the latter's return from the city, of the fact, who scarcely believed the story. The visit of the snake to his place, however, thoroughly convinced Mr. Lee that the snake in reality existed, and was one of unusual proportions. This gentleman ayers that a snake of the size described has the capacity of swallowing a calf four or five weeks old, and that a boy or girl ten or twelve years of age would be a mere mouthful. Mr. Lee states that he is willing to give $500 for the capture of the snake alive, or in lieu thereof $25 to any one who will kill it. Several attempts have been made to kill the snake and have failed, for the simple reason that the parties making the attempts, on coming across it and noticing its huge proportions, incontinently fled. The superintendent of the turnpike company was walking in the woods a few days ago when he met the snake. He rushed from the spot, and never slackened his speed until he reached the door of his domicile. His nervous system was so terribly shocked that he has not yet entirely recovered. Several other persons have seen the snake, and the stories that are afloat about it have been productive of a great deal of excitement and comment in the neighborhood of Hall Springs. It is understood that an effort will be made in a few days to capture the snake. It is proposed to fasten a strong chain, with a sharp hook attached, to a tree in the neighborhood of the den. On the hook will be placed a live chicken. The snake, it is confidently expected, will go for the chicken and take in the sharp hook as well, which, it is thought, will insure its capture.

The Cathedral at Cologne.

Of all Gothic buildings, the plan of the cathedral at Cologne is the most stupendous; even ruin as it is, it cannot fail to excite surprise and admiration. The legend concerning its plan may not be known to every one. It is related of the inventor of it, that in despair of finding a plan sufficiently great, he was walking one day by the river, sketching with his stick upon the sand when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so much that he exclaimed:

"That shall be the plan."

"I will show you one better than that!" said a voice behind him, and a certain black gentleman, who figures in many German legends, stood by him and pulled from his pocket a roll containing the present plan of the cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked an explanation of every part. As he knew his soul was to be the price of it, he occupied himself, while the devil was explaining, in committing its proportions carefully to memory. Having done this, he remarked it did not please him, and he would not take it. The devil, seeing through the cheat, exclaimed in his rage:

"You may build your cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it.

This prediction seems likely to be verified, for though it was commenced in 1248 and continued two hundred and fifty years, only the nave and choir and one tower to half it's proper height are finished.

The Black Hills Country.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who gives the result of his observations in a letter from Camp Harney, presents a lively picture of the Black Hills region, and makes it too evident that the gold hunters who are thronging thither are the dupes of their too sanguine expectations. That there is a gold tract there is quite true, but though extensive in area, it is so deficient in yield that the driver of a horse car or a laborer on our public works at the present reduced wages is in receipt of a better income than the most fortunate of those who have gone so far and risked so much in quest of gold among the Black Hills. The wild and wonderful accounts, by which multitudes of sanguine adventurers were set crazy, have been proved an utter delusion, and it is to be regretted that they are paying so dear for this experience. They are still led on from place to place, but the "pay streak" is always "over yonder," and, like an *ignis fatuus*, it is never reached by the deluded pursuers. There is no gold to be had by mere washing or sifting that is worth the labor of collecting, and whether the amount imbedded in quartz rock is sufficient to justify a heavy outlay for machinery can be determined only by scientific explorations.

The Delta of the Mississippi.

Captain Eades has had compiled for his especial use the following interesting and scientific data concerning the Mississippi river, the work at whose mouth he can be said truthfully to have already begun: 1. Quantity of water discharged by the river annually, 14,883,360,639,880 cubic feet; 2. Quantity of sediment discharged annually, 28,188,083,892 cubic feet; 3. Area of the delta of the river, according to Prof. Lyell, 13,000 square miles; 4. Depth of the delta, according to Prof. Ridden, 1,056 feet; 5. The delta, therefore, contains 400,378,429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles; 6. It would require for the formation of one cubic mile of the delta, five years and eighty-one days; 7. For the formation of one square mile of the depth of 1,056 feet, one year and 16¼ days; 8. For the formation of the whole delta it would require 14,568 4-5 years; 9. The valley of the Mississippi from Cape Girardeau to the delta is estimated to contain 16,000 square miles of 150 feet depth. It therefore contains 66,980,160,000,000 cubic feet, or 454

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 5, 1875.

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The Lewistown Gazette, radical, calls the Chorpenning claim, a "relic of Democracy," when every one knows that the democrats all along denounced it, and that it is radical congressman Cessna who is advocating the payment of that fraudulent claim. The Gazette can't palm off that fib on any one.

A fellow across the mountain thinks to ride into office by getting astride of a *fence*-rail. Vive la humbug.

Attorney General Pierrepont said the other day, in response to the question whether he had recently received any accounts of ku klux outrages, that he had received none since he has occupied his present position. That's queer, when we consider that the fall elections are so near at hand. Has the outrage mill 'gin eout?

Should like to know how Bill Brown can have the impudence to set himself up as the leader of the workingmen ('76ers) when he never was able to manage his own affairs successfully for three months at a time without running into the ground? "Explain." There is not an honest workingman in Pennsvalley, nor an honest man on the other side of the county, whom Brown can name, that has confidence enough in him to fill a pins head.

The Black Hills seem to have gold after all, new discoveries are reported and the consequent excitement. Information bearing date 20 ult., says that new discoveries of gold have been made north of French creek, about twenty-eight miles, in the valley of Spring creek, which have created great excitement. There is a general hegira in that direction. Three hundred miners have already located there, and those who are constantly coming into the hills follow the common impulse. Mr. W. P. Jenny, who has examined the district, has verbally given it as his opinion that mining will prove moderately profitable there. He says that he obtained five cents from a panful of earth. Nuggets have been found worth $1.30. A miner returned yesterday from a long tour in the north, accompanied by two Indians and a half breed, and having crossed Spring Creek, reports that the soil is yielding from ten to fifteen cents to the pan. The country is fine, with plenty of grass and timber. No gold has been found in the gulch except in the spot where Mr. Jenny's assistant dug to the bed rock. Miners here are entering the hills at the rate of fifty a day. The population is now about 1,000.

The "Industrial Advocate" is the name of a paper, under Bill Brown's editorship, and is the organ of the chivalrous knights of the glass called the '76ers, a secret organization that attempts to draw votes from the democratic party, to help disorganizers and disappointed office seekers to defeat the party. A few honest and unsuspecting democrats have been drawn into this imitation of know-nothingism, because it styles itself the workingmen's order. A workingmen's order with Bill Brown for a leader! bah, who will bite at such a bait? Might as well have taken the unfaithful servant whom we read of in Scripture, who buried his talent, and was reproved by the master on account of his laziness. Now this leader of the '76ers, Bill Brown, an old traducer of Centre county democrats, has, unprovoked, been calling the editor of the Reporter abusive names, because we are true to our party, and warn democrats against the tricks of himself and his kind to disorganize the democracy. He is hired by the Modoc element to keep up division, and through him and his organ the Modocs blow their horn, and put out stuff—and this model man calls us a dog. When a pup chooses to call us a dog, we can bear comparisons. Bill Brown is too well known in this county to be able to harm any one by his abuse, and he will find few democrats silly enough to be led astray by him, and join the order in which he shines as the leading star. The apple dumpling philosopher is hired also to abuse Judge Orvis, and every issue of his Industrial Advocate contains a low fling at that gentleman. Judge Orvis needs no defense against Brown's attacks,—the man, his abilities, his integrity as an honest, faithful legislator, who was untiring in his fight against the plundering rings while at Harrisburg, and his uprightness upon the bench, are an iron clad of safety against the mudballs of Bill Brown or his Modoc masters who hire him to do their dirty work. Brown's Advocate is ill at ease because, as it charges, the Reporter *is* inspired by Judge Orvis. Wish it were correct. The charge is quite an unintentional compliment paid our own poor abilities—we might well feel proud of such assistance. The advice of Judge Orvis would be the most valuable and trustworthy we could have. But that distinguished gentleman has nothing at all to do with the conduct of this paper, he is minding his own business and is minding it well too, while we are giving all our attention to ours, and from the manner in which we are succeeding, we flatter ourselves that we are minding ours well too, and when we need advice, will much prefer that of Judge Orvis to the hireling of the Modocs who is in pay to keep up an organization that is intended to stab the democratic party of Centre county in the dark, if certain ringsters can not get offices. We would a thousand times prefer being the dog that Brown calls us, than to play second fiddle to the chap of whom Mr. Hancock, a member of the House, said "he was the d—st little rooster he ever heard of." Any genuine workingmen's organization will be sure not to have a loafer like Bill Brown for a leader—hence we look upon the Sons of '76, as being humbugged, and advise the few honest democrats who may have been misled, to get out of it.

If Bill Brown chooses to advocate the election of P. G. Meek to the senate, it is all right and besides perfectly fitting he should do so, and we will not dispute with him about his taste in the matter—indeed would be exceedingly surprised if he did not do so, and that the '76ers all think as Brown does upon the senate question, is not astounding, because thereon is the order built. Modocism in '74, is simply '76ers in '75. Brown can not go back on those fellows, for they hired him once before. In the Watchman of a few years ago, Mr. Meek tells it right out that they hired Brown—gave him a pair of new pants—to do some political work for them, and make democratic speeches.

GRANT SUSTAINS THE INDIAN RING.

At the cabinet meeting, last week, President Grant announced his decision in regard to Secretary Delano. He has heard the grave charges of fraud preferred by Prof. Marsh, of Yale college, who has witnessed some of the transactions of the ring and has examined some of the vile stuff that has been palmed off upon the Indian for food. The pork was not fit for human beings to eat. The sugar was bad. The flour was unfit for use. The beef was miserable. The blankets were frauds. The Indian agents had cheated and wronged the Indians, and the head of the department knew it and sustained it. Prof. Marsh gave names, dates and all particulars. He wrote to President Grant, submitting upon paper his specific charges, and explicitly stating that the secretary of the interior and the head of the Indian bureau were implicated. Prof. Marsh then went to Long Branch and had a personal interview with the president, telling him what he had seen and what he knew. But the president declines to suspend the secretary and investigate these charges made by a gentleman of high respectability and purity of character. The president sustains the ring always. When secretary Cox telegraphed to the president from Washington to Long Branch, that he was "fighting fraud" and needed the moral support of the President, he was ordered not to act, (to defeat a grand land job,) and was forthwith dismissed from the Cabinet. Now the secretary who does *not* "fight fraud" but sustains it, and if Prof. Marsh's charges are at all reliable, is implicated in frauds, is upheld by the President. I have decided *not* to dismiss him says, Gen. Grant. He retains the secretary that sustains fraud, and dismissed the one that fought it.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

It will be well to bear in mind that the new Constitution forbids all persons from voting unless they have been assessed at least two months and paid taxes at least one month before the date of the election. No one of foreign birth can vote unless, in addition to the above, he has been naturalized a month previous to the election.

The date for holding the next election is Tuesday, November 2.

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, is the last day on which voters can be assessed.

Friday, Oct. 1st, is the last day on which they can pay taxes.

Friday, Oct. 1st, is the last day for taking out naturalization papers.

EXCURSION CARS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

The Cumberland Valley railroad is about having constructed a number of passenger cars in which the seats will be numbered, and overhead there will be a receptacle provided with lock and key for the baggage of the seat holder. The excursionist buys a ticket and with it he receives a key with a check attached, and on the check he finds a number stamped corresponding with the number of the seat to which he is entitled. He will find the key to unlock the closet over his seat—but not the closet over any other seat. When he reaches Philadelphia he can lock up as much of his baggage as he chooses and sally forth. The train will be run upon a siding convenient to the centennial grounds. At any time the excursionist desires he can walk over to the train, unlock his closet and take out or put in anything he chooses. He may even put his lunch there. At night on the way home the check and key are taken up with the return ticket. The passenger is thus put at no inconvenience, but on the other hand is supplied with accommodations almost unkown to railway travelers at the present time.

THE OHIO FINANCIAL POSITION.

There has been much misrepresentation and condemnation of the Ohio Democrats on the finances, and the Radicals have tried to create the impression that defeat is staring the Democrats of that State in the face. But the contrary is the fact. There is a sanguine belief among the Democrats that they will carry the State by an increased majority. As to the position of the Democrats there on the finances, Hon. George H. Pendleton a few days since made a speech defining his position, and as what he has advocated has been quoted as the Democratic position and largely misrepresented by the Radicals, we give a summary of what he did say:

He said that we are all in favor of coin as the basis of the currency; that a paper currency should be convertible into coin at par; that we desire a return to specie payments as speedily as the interests of labor and business will permit; that we would be glad to return immediately if honor and good faith and justice would permit, and it were possible. We have not now and never have been in favor of an unlimited issue of greenbacks. We are not, and never have been, in favor of repudiation in any form. We do believe it is our highest duty to fulfill all our country's obligations according to the spirit and letter of our promises. We are not now, and never have been in favor of a volume of currency changing or fluctuating according to the whims of parties, or the interests of bankers, or the demands of reckless speculators, but sufficient for the easy, active, economical, profitable interchange of commodities, and as fixed and stable as the nature of the case will allow. So long as we must have a paper currency we prefer greenbacks, which are sound, cheap, and good, to national bank notes, which at the outset cost the people six per cent., and are at the last only redeemable in greenbacks. He would not discuss to-day the merits of the different kinds of currency. The house, he said, was burning. Let us put out the fire, and then we may consider whether we will repair the injuries or rebuild on another plan.

It will be seen he recognizes coin as a basis, and hopes for a return to specie payment, but until that time, and for the best interests of the county and as a means of forwarding specie payments, he is in favor of doing away with the National Banks and substituting a uniform government currency. The position is a sound one, it is backed by the people, who are and ought to be in favor of breaking down the National Bank monopoly, and not only will that position win with the people of Ohio, but it would carry Pennsylvania.

A cousin of Simon Cameron was sent to the Blair county poor house on Wednesday at his on request. He was honest and that may have kept him poor—had he stolen like Simon he might have been sent to higher quarters.

A. H. Dill, of Lewisburg, declines being a candidate for governor. The democracy of Union had instructed their delegates in favor of Senator Dill for governor.

With the death of Andrew Johnson, the last Ex-President is gone.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is engineering a new route between Tyrone and Osceola, with a view of avoiding the steep grades on the present road between the Summit and Osceola and Houtzdale.

Next Saturday will be an important day for the democracy of this county. If we are to have good, pure and capable men nominated for county officers, let democrats attend the delegate election on Saturday afternoon. Elect delegates who will do the will of the people of their respective townships; elect men as delegates who will not allow themselves to be buttonholed when they get to Bellefonte, and be induced to vote for men whom the people will not support at the polls. If delegates are to be instructed, let it be for good men who will add strength to the democratic ticket; and if delegates go uninstructed let them be men who will work for the best interests of the party and the public, and who will shun rings, cliques, and wire-workers.

THE STATE TREASURY.

As part of the history of the times, says the Bloomsburg Columbian, we print the opinion of the Attorney General of the State, showing that the Radicals have so legislated that the State Treasurer is no longer required to make a monthly statement of the condition of the Sinking Fund and where it is deposited, as had formerly been rendered necessary by a wholesome and honest law, and that the Auditor General is absolutely debarred by law from inquiring into it! The legislation to shield the fund from examination was enacted at the session of 1874, by the most corrupt and base Legislative body that ever assembled in this Commonwealth, or in any other, unless, possibly, it is equaled or exceeded by some of the negro-carpet-bag Legislatures of the Southern States. Under the existing laws, therefore, and by the connivance of Gov. Hartranft, over two millions of dollars of the people's money—paid by hard taxation—is locked up in the breeches pocket of Mr. Rob. Mackey, upon which he may and no doubt does draw interest to his personal advantage, while the State bonds (which this money should promptly redeem) are left to draw interest which must be paid by the people. Outrage is a mild term for this Radical buccaneering transaction—it is a gross fraud upon the people, perpetrated over the signature of John F. Hartranft—direct robbery!

Is there no remedy? Auditor General Temple is yet Commissioner of the Sinking Fund. When the board again meets (in a few days now) let him demand that every dollar in the Sinking Fund shall be at once used in redeeming State bonds. He can make the demand—let the two Radical Commissioners refuse or neglect if they dare. There will be time between this and the election to expose them and to fix the proper responsibility upon Gov. Hartranft.

Under these circumstances it is not at all singular that Treasurer Mackey publishes monthly statements, over his affidavit, that there are millions in the Sinking Fund, but only contemptible sums ranging from less than two to thirty dollars in the State Treasury applicable to the payment of current expenses and appropriations. But why are the millions kept in the Sinking Fund, *if there*, instead of redeeming interest-bearing bonds with them? No earthly reason can be assigned for such action other than the personal purpose or profit of the State Treasurer! And it was to enable him, his partners and his party, to profit by the interest on millions of the people's money that Gov. Hartranft approved the legislation detailed by the Attorney General!

The cruel and Christless act of the Rev. Mr. Moore, a clergyman of the Church of England and a justice of the peace, who recently committed a young girl 13 years of age to a common jail for fourteen days and to the county reformatory for four years, for the trivial offense of picking a bud from a geranium plant in an almshouse garden, has naturally excited much indignation and comment in England and America, and, we presume, in every other civilized country in which it has become known. This infamous act, in the name of justice, was committed in the village of Spalding, and the victim's name is Sarah Chandler, who has an aged aunt in the almshouse of that rural village, whom she was visiting when she committed the heinous offense of plucking the fatal bud from one of the several flower beds that adorn the grounds of the institution. A vigilant matron of the almshouse saw the girl in the act, which was duly reported to the reverend magistrate, who consigned the offender to a prison and a reformatory, as already stated. Fourteen days among jail-birds and four years in a reformatory for plucking a geranium bud, and the victim an innocent girl who had no idea that she was doing wrong! On the very same day, in London, a man was fined forty shillings and committed to jail for a fortnight for beating his wife nearly to death! Such is equal and exact justice in England, and such the judicial difference there between the worth of a wife and of a geranium bud.

LETTER FROM MR. HOY.

BELLEFONTE, Aug. 3, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPORTER:—Last week the Hon. P. Gray Meek was in Millheim, and whilst there, among other things he did, he wrote two communications to the Berichter. In one commending himself to the favorable consideration of the farmers, and signed his communication "Farmer"—and in the other representing himself as an unflinching democrat ever since he had a vote. (How about the independent movement last fall?) The latter he signed "Fair Play," and considered it of so much importance to himself that he had it translated into German, and published both in English and German in the Berichter. If I desired to follow in the footsteps of my opponent I would deny the truth of that part of Fair Play's communication relative to myself and branded it as a "Republican lie." But preferring the truth in all things, I will by your permission, through your columns give your readers a plain statement of the facts, and rest my case on the truth, and whatever the result may be, stand or fall by the truth. In the fall of 1862 Gov. Curtin appointed me commissioner of the draft, under the laws of Pennsylvania, and Dr. J. M. M'Coy, Surgeon, who had Dr. J. B. Mitchell for his assistant. We were furnished with the enrollments of all those who had been enrolled in Centre county as subject to military duty—with printed instructions for our guidance—and printed forms of the oath to be administered to persons claiming exemption on the ground of conscientious scruples against bearing arms. We were furnished no instructions to give certificates of exemption, nor with blanks. Our instructions were to draw a line in red ink across the name of every enrolled person who was entitled to exemption for any cause, and write opposite the name in a column appropriated to that purpose—the cause of his exemption—which was faithfully done in the presence of the persons who were exempted for any cause other than physical disability. Those claiming exemption on the ground of physical disability were exempted in a separate room by the Surgeon and his assistant, who, at the close of every day reported to me the names of those who were exempted, with the cause of exemption—whose names were at once erased by drawing a red lineacross them, and writing in the proper column the cause for which they were exempted. The examinations were concluded on the 10th of Sept. 1862—and I immediately made my report to the Adjutant General of the State—and my account in accordance with the instructions given us. During the progress of the examinations, many persons asked for certificates of exemption—who were answered in every instance, that we were not furnished with blanks—had no time to write them, and that the authorities had made no provision for issuing them; that the names of all who were exempted would be erased and stricken from the enrollment, which was all that was necessary. Notwithstanding this assurance that no certificates were needed, for weeks afterwards scores of persons made application to me, some in person, and others by letter, for certificates. Some six weeks after the close of the examinations and accounts, I happened to be in the office of the commissioner of Mifflin county, in Lewistown, when a person called and obtained from the commissioner a certificate of exemption, and paid for it. After he had departed I inquired why he gave certificates—remarking that the government furnished us no blanks and no instructions on the subject, and that for this reason we gave none. He replied that neither did the government furnish them any; but that they were so much importuned for them, that he and the Surgeon got up a form and issued them to such persons as desired and were entitled to them on their paying for them. I reported these facts to the Surgeon and assistant, and being still annoyed and importuned with applications for them, we concluded to issue certificates for a certain price, which was fixed by the Surgeon at two dollars each, contrary to my wishes. Inasmuch as we had hitherto declined to issue any, it was necessary to give information in some way, giving notice that certificates would be given to such as desired and were entitled to them. A circular was drawn up and printed, giving this information, and rent by mail to most of those exempted by reason of physical disability. We had several hundred certificates printed—not one half of which were used, because they were not called for. A number of persons called and received certificates and paid for them. I do not hesitate to state that I advised every one who applied, that the certificates were notnecessary, that they were already exempted, and their names erased, but if they insisted in having them, they must pay for them. I believed and so stated, to some at least, that the certificates would be evidence to exempt the holders for the payment of the militia tax—and this I am informed was accomplished by them. I paid for printing the circulars and certificates, and spent about two weeks at my office attending to issuing certificates, for which the government did not pay one cent and when finished the receipts were by no means an adequate compensation. As before stated I made my return to the Adjutant General on the 16 September and my accounts on the government were then closed, whilst no certificates were issued until November, some eight weeks afterwards, and all that were then issued were issued as a favor to those exempted and who deserved them as an evidence of their exemption. Among others one was issued to Mr. J. W. Adams, who applied for it not in person, but through another. I do not recollect of ever having seen Mr. Adams until some ten days ago when in Millheim. Mr. J. H. Reifsnyder came to me and inquired what the difficulty was between Adams and myself, to which I replied, I knew of none, when he, Reifsnyder, said that Adams complained about an exemption certificate, and mentioned a letter from Gov. Curtin and saying that Adams was very poor and with difficulty kept himself and family off the township. Instead of my compelling Adams to show Gov. Curtin's letter as stated by "Fair Play," Reifsnyder soon after came and handed me the certificate and letter and introduced Adams, and then left. I read the letter and said to Adams that it was not written by Gov. Curtin, but by McClure, a clerk in the Adjutant General's office, that I did not believe Gov. Curtin ever saw it, and if he did he certainly did not understand the fact. Adams complained that he was very poor and he thought I ought not to have charged him the two dollars. I explained the matter fully and insisted on my moral and legal rights to do what had been done denied all moral and legal obligations to repay. But because Mr. Reifsnyder had stated that he, Adams was so poor that it was with difficulty he kept himself and family off the township, and because Adams complained and appealed to me by reason of his poverty, I gave him two dollars as an act of charity and not as his right, and said to him that I gave it not because he was entitled to it as a matter of right, nor because I was under any obligation either legal or moral, but purely and simply because he was poor and needed it, and for the same reason that I would have given aid to any other poor person, an object of charity. I know Mr. Reifsnyder will substanciate these facts so far as relates to him, and so will Mr. Adams if not controlled by others, and speak the truth. Such are the facts and truth, if by them I am justified well, if condemned so must it be.

As to the charge that from 1862 to 1868 I was a rampant blatant republican, I utterly deny, this Meek says everywhere, and no one knows its utter falsity better than he. From 62 to 65 I voted a mixed ticket. From 1848 to 1862 and from 1866 to the present always voted the democratic ticket. Whether the republicans claimed me is of no importance now, they certainly did not since 1868, when I spent weeks canvassing the county, attending democratic meetings, making speeches, (no less than eighteen) in support of the whole democratic ticket, including P. Gray Meek. In 1862 I was President of the democratic Campaign Club of Bellefonte. Meek was one of the Secretaries of the State Central Committee, and sent by express to my address marked C O D three different lots of Campaign Hats, Capes, Lamps, &c., for which I paid $404,80, a portion of which remains due and unpaid to this day.

And now if you will allow me a little more space, I will say: if the people see fit to nominate and elect me to the senate I will endeavor to serve them and not join any faction, clique or ring. I will not vote to increase judicial salaries as Meek reports, nor to increase members pay as he did several times. I will use all fair and honorable means to lessen the burdens of the people by decreasing taxation, and never vote to increase taxation and thereby increase their burdens. I will not sell my vote to create corporate monopolies, as Meek did when he received fourteen hundred dollars upon the Big Sandy improvement Company Bill and others of which there is abundant proof. If I am not nominated I will not bolt and run as an independent candidate as Meek has threatened to if he is not nominated.

Re-pectfully,
ADAM HOY.

The communication of "Democrat from Osceola," in another column, comes from a responsible democrat, who never flinched, and who has done service to the party, without ever asking an office. We ask for his communication the calm consideration of every democrat who *claims to be honest, and professes to be in favor of honest men.* The charges therein are not new, they are known in this county but more especially in Clearfield where the negotiations were had for a base betrayal of the party and to bring about the defeat of Mackey and Wallace. Can any democrat claim to *be in favor* of honest and true men, and then favor Benedict Arnolds for Senator! Let it be remembered that the honest democracy of Centre will not touch any thing at the ballot box that is impure.

When the democrats of New York discovered that Tweed, whom they had trusted in high places, had become a public plunderer, they exposed him, and after a hard struggle got rid of him, and thus purified the party. When the democracy of Philadelphia found that Sam Josephs, whom they repeatedly sent to the legislature, was the most corrupt of ringsters, they exposed him, and year after year attempted to prevent his being re-elected, without success, until last year, when Samuel failed—the honest democracy triumphed, and they are no longer disgraced by Josephs. Tweed and Josephs secured their nominations by corrupt use of money, and for a number of years baffled all efforts of honest men to get rid of them—they succeeded at last, and the party is red of Tweed in New York and of Josephs in Philadelphia. This example should be followed by all parties—the corrupt men must be put down, whether it be in New York, Philadelphia or Centre county. There are more Tweeds and Josephs in the ranks, who are continually asking for office, and plunder at every opportunity, and when they can not force themselves upon the ticket, they become dissatisfied and play Modoc. Have we such among us?

THE UTAH SLAUGHTER.

Further Accounts of the Massacre of Helpless Emigrants.

Beaver, U. T., July 26.—At the trial today Ann Elizabeth Hoag was sworn and testified; Lived at Harmony is 1859; was at the meeting called before Lee and the Indians started for the massacre; it was stated at the meeting that the emigrants should be destroyed. An express was sent to Brigham Young, and Lee at the head of the soldiers and Indians started; after the massacre a meeting was called for Lee to report; Lee stood up and said he wanted the Indians to rush on the emigrants, but they would not; he then put up a handerchief, and a man came out from the emigrants; Lee promised peace if they would give up their arms, which they agreed to do, and marched out alone with the soldiers, who shot them down at the signal, and the Indians killed the women; he said one had a baby in his arms; after the first fire Lee said, "Give up that child;" the man replied, "If I die, this child dies with me; I know you, John D. Lee, despite your paint;" Lee said he had to shoot the man and child; while Lee was reporting President Young arrived and saw the children in a wagon in front of the meeting house; one boy, eight years of age, said, pointing to the Indian Joe, "That man killed my papa, and has got my papa's pants on;" Lee said not to talk to the children, as he wanted them to forget about the massacre.

Thomas P. Willis, sworn; Saw the goods of the murdered emigrants at Cedar; there were fifteen or twenty wagons and 400 or 500 head of stock; heard Haight before the attack ask his (witness's) father the best way to attack the train; after the massacre saw the property of the emigrants in wagons in front of the Tithing-House in Cedar City; the Indians washed the bloody clothing in a ditch in Cedar City; saw the children; Higbee a boy seven or eight years old; my brother had one and Burbuck had one; saw them in 1859 at the Indian reservation in care of Dr. Forney; the Mormons had a military organization; the men had to drill every Saturday; the property of the emigrants at the Tithing House was sold at auction.

PANIC IN WALL STREET.

Failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

New York, July 27.—Messrs Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers, have suspended.

The doors of Duncan, Sherman & Co. were closed at 11:25 o'clock. Only in a general way can the causes of the suspension be accertained. It is admitted that the house has lost very largely on cotton; in fact, that is the principal source of loss. Involvements with various railroad enterprises, old and new, also entailed losses on the house. Their liabilities are understood to be between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000. Duncan returned from Europe about two weeks ago, and has since been making careful examination of his assets and finds, that they are largely inadequate. He resolved to endeavor to get new cash capital, and having failed to do so determined that it was best to suspend and make a general assignment for the benefit of all the creditors. The indebtedness is distributed all over this country and Europe, a considerable amount being in the form of letters of credit held by travellers.

The house was founded in 1850 by Alexander Duncan, Watts Sherman, and W. Butler Duncan, the latter the head of the present house. The present firm has been in operation about ten years. Great sympathy is expressed for the firm, and particularly for Mr. W. Butler Duncan.

The credit of the house was good up to the hour of suspension, and had Mr. Duncan chosen to avail himself of this his house need not have suspended.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the lower part of the city as soon as the rumor of the suspension began to be circulated.

A large crowd of people soon collected, the majority of whom, however, were attracted about their office. Many attempts were made to gain admission to the building but the doors remained obstinately closed. Even a telegraph messenger boy was unable to gain admittance until he brought him to the back entrance on Pine street, and even then he was compelled to hand in his dispatch through an iron grating. Inside the numerous clerks could be seen at their desks busily engaged with their books, but entrance was denied to all. At one o'clock there was still much excitement in the neighborhood of the banking house, but no new developments of importance had occurred. It is understood that a full statement of the affairs of the house is in preparation.

THE ATLANTIC GAINING ON US.

[Scientific American.]

It has been proved that the whole Pacific coast, especially California with all its mountains, is perpetually rising, and that at a comparatively rapid rate. The land containing in its bosom our great American lakes is slowly sinking; while southern Indiana, Kentucky and the surrounding states are rising. Geological investigations prove that our great lakes, except Ontario, had formerly a southern outlet; until, by gradual northern depression and southern upheavals, a northern outlet was formed from Lake Erie into Ontario, about 40,000 years ago. This outlet, the Niagara river, is still wearing away its channel. The division line of the watershed south of the lakes and the Mississippi valley has since that time been steadily traveling southward; and when Chicago recently turned the waters of Lake Michigan, through the Chicago river, into the Mississippi valley the old state of affairs was artificially re-established.

New Jersey is sinking, with New York city and Long Island, at the estimated rate of about sixteen inches per century. The coast of Texas is ascending at a comparatively rapid rate, some observers stating that it is as much as thirty or forty feet in the last half century.

Combining these observations with the results of the recent deep soundings of the United States steamer Tuscarora in the Pacific ocean, we find that the bed is evidently a sunken continent, abounding in Oceanic mountains some 12,000 feet high, many of them not reaching the surface of the ocean, and others which do so forming the numberless islands of the Pacific. The study of the coral rocks proves that this sinking has continually been taking place during several centuries, and observations of the coast will undoubtedly reveal the fact that it has not yet ceased.

The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of man's primitive origin, the seat of the so called Paradise, was in the Pacific Ocean south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself northward to Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sank, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, men retreated to the mountains, which, by continued sinking were transformed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia. The insularity of the thus preserved races was not productive of civilization, which requires conflict, in which the superiors in the end gain the victory over the inferiors. In those islands the inferior races were preserved for want of this conflict, hence their savage condition even at the present day, while primitively the greatest advance took place at the most intense conflict, the continent of Southern Asia.

NOTICE:—Notice is hereby given that the following named person has filed her petition and will make application for license at Aug. Sess. 1875.

Elizabeth Kunes.....Liberty.....Tavern
D. F. Rahl.....Snow Shoe twp.....Restaurant
John Haywood...Philipsburg...Restaurant
Catharine Smith...Snow Shoe...Restaurant
Peter Weber.....Philipsburg...Restaurant
N. M. Bretzin.....Rush.....Tavern

A. WILLIAMS, Proth'y.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

By Mr. Moody.

I can imagine one man down there says, "How about repentance? How about getting into the ark or the city of refuge before repentance?" My friend, let me ask you, what is repentance? It is, right about face! I think these soldiers understand that expression. Some one has said that every one is born with his back to God, and that conversion turns him right round. If you want to be converted, and want to repent, I will tell you what you should do. Just get out of Satan's service, and get into the Lord's. Leave your old friends, and unite yourselves with God's people. To morrow, if nothing happens, I expect to go to Liverpool. If, when I am in the train, my friend Mr. Shipton says, "Moody, you are going in the wrong train. That train is going to Edinburgh," I should say, "Mr. Shipton, you have made a great mistake; the guard told me the train was going to Liverpool. You are wrong Mr. Shipton. I am sure you are wrong. The guard told me this train was going right straight for Liverpool." Then Mr. Shipton would say. "Moody, I have lived here forty years, and I know all about the trains. That train is going to Edinburgh, and will not take you to Liverpool." Mr. Shipton at last convinces me, and I get out of that train and get into the one going to Liverpool. Repentance is getting out of one train and getting into the other. You are on the wrong train; you are in the broad path that taketh you down to the pitt of hell. Get out of it tonight. Right about face! Who will turn his feet towards God? "Turn ye, for why will you die?" In the Old Testament the word is "repent." "Turn ye, for why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"

Look And Live,

There is another illustration I wish I had time to dwell upon; and that is about looking. There is that serpent in the wilderness." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" Look here! Just give me your attention for a few minutes, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." How long does it take a man to look? Some people say they believe in educating people to be Christians. How long do you educate children to look? You hear the mother say, "Look," and the little child looks. It does not take a child three months to learn to look. Look and live? You need not go to college to learn how to look. There is not a child here but knows how to look. Christ says, "Look unto Me, for I am God, and there is no one else." Supposing I was owing Mr. Williams, here, £1,000, and I am bankrupt, and expecting him to come and drag me to prison because I cannot pay; I am trembling because I pay. Up comes a wealthy man, Mr. Sands, and he says, "Do not give yourself any uneasiness about that debt. Look to me, I will pay that debt." Then the burden is gone, I say, "Mr. Sands, thank you, thank you," That is what Christ does. He says, "Look to Me; I will settle the claims of sin." My friends, is it not the height of madness not to look now? It is not looking to the wound, it is looking to the remedy of sin. What you want is to look from the wound to the remedy—to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Who will look to-night and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Anecdote Of A Scottish Lassie.

A friend of mine up in scotland told me of a Scotch lassie who came to the inquiry room, and the minister talked with her, and he said, "Young woman, you go home and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah." And the Scotch girl threw up her hands and said, "I cannot read, I cannot pray, Jesus, take me as I am." She had got it. Sinner, just give yourself to Christ to-night. Ask Him to take you as you are, and He will take you now. My friends, will you not, while I am speaking, just put your trust in Christ? Will you not this night receive the acceptable gifts? Christ will take every sin upon Him, and just receive Him as your Lord and Saviour.

EARTHQUAKE HORRORS.

Ten Thousand People Killed—Death And Desolation—Terrible Scenes.

New York, July 4.—Later mail advices from different places in Columbia more than confirm the horrors by the earthquake in May. A letter from Sulazia of May 28 says Cucuta is a pitiful sight. Everything is in ruins. Not a house remains standing. Thieves and robbers from the surrounding country have swept down on the ill-fated city, and hardly a single safe has been saved from the custom house. Four hnndred mules were killed in the streets, and as there is no one to remove them the stench is becoming frightful. The villages of San Cristobal, Torrina, Gussimog, Capacho, San Antonio, Labetera, San Juan de Urena, Rosario and San Cayetano are completely destroyed. The store house at Puerto de los Cactos was sacked and burned by bandits. A letter from Ocano, May 30, says ten thousand people were killed at Cucuta in addition to other thousands who were seriously wounded and bruised. Death and desolation reigned everywhere. Great numbers of haciendas have been destroyed, and hundreds of houses in the country overthrown, leaving the people homeless and consigned to poverty. Many of the trees were torn up from the roots, and small hills opened like melons. The cause of the great catastrophe is of course, unknown, and the precise place of its first manifestation. Some suppose that the volcano of Sobatera, which was in action in 1848, is again breaking out, while others say that a new volcano has appeared in the hills of Giracha. A private letter from Bucaramango, of May 24, says: "In Pidecusta the town hall is destroyed, and in Pampeluna the cathedral is in ruins." A telegram from Hon. Aquiles Parra to President Perez, dated Bucaramanga, May 24, says: "The earthquakes continue. Last night the cathedral in Pampeluna fell. There is great alarm and great devastation throughout the Valley of Cucuta." A dispatch to President Perez from Chinacota, on May 24, says: "The people of San Jose, Rosario and San Cayetano have disappeared. The rest of the department is in ruins. More than four thousand persons have perished." A dispatch from Socorro, dated May 24, says, "The situation is assuming a grave aspect and sickness and starvation in Pampeluna are increasing." A telegram from Chiquinquara, of May 22, says the shocks are repeating, two last night and one today. There is great alarm among the people. Appeals for help were being circulated hrough all the cities of Columbia and the most liberal responses were being made.

A private letter, dated at Salazar, May 25, says: "On the 20th the sad idea occurred to me of visiting the ruins of Cucuta. On my arrival there what an awful sight met my gaze. It was something horrible to contemplate. Not one stone remained on another in the city. The number of the dead is calculated at three-quarters of the entire population. The few families which are saved are now on the outskirts of what was the city, living on what they can procure; but they will soon be obliged to retire, as the putrefaction of the dead will not allow them to remain. It is heartrending to see the wounded who can have no care, and who cannot remain long alive in their present condition. And, more fearful still, banditti are killing and robbing the wounded. No adequate idea can be formed of the condition of affairs there.

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This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant Home for those whomay favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town areconnected with the House. 29apr.

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Johnson & Son's, proprietors, having refitted and newly furnished this house are now prepared to accommodate travelers in the most satisfactory manner.

June10. tf.

(*Advertisement.*)

Republican.—Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that Capt. H. C. Beamer, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the republican party.

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Established, 1843.

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Apr. 8. y.

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Just opened in his new quarters in Bush's Arcade.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Trunks,
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Shoemakers call and see SUSSMAN for cheap stock.

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dec 3. t-f.

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The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c

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LEVI MURRAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY AUG. 5, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c., &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—John H. Keller reports a potato vine measuring 4 feet in length.

—Remember the democratic delegate election, next Saturday, Aug. 7th. County Convention on Tuesday following.

—Mr. Fleming caught a sucker in his saw-mill race, in the Loop, measuring 18½ inches in length. Wish we could catch a couple of such fellows.

—The candidates for county offices, on the republican side, are H. C. Demler and D. M. Glenn, for Sheriff. H. A. Snyder, of Liberty, for Prothonotary. J. W. Campbell, Andrew Gregg, D. P. Shope and Capt. Dunlap, for Commissioner.

—The Mifflinburg Telegraph has got a power press. Is that not a retrograde movement, we always thought the telegraph was faster than the printing press.

—It is reported that Ben. Butler will be in Clearfield, next term of court, to defend John Siney and Zingo Parks, the leaders of the striking rioters. It is advisable that the Clearfielders bury their silver spoons, as Ben. has a hankering after such things.

—Mr. Francis Flisher, of Berrien Spring, Mich., writes us that his strawberry crop this year amounted to 117 bushels, and that the grain crop is also good. They have the potato bug, but he thinks the potatoes grew too fast for them; have had these pests for over six years and not rid of them yet. Fruit and berries abundant—grapes are raised by the thousand bushels.

—The people's Era, is the name of a new weekly, which made its appearance at Mt. Union, Pa., by Dr. G. W. Thompson & Co. Its pages show that it will be a live paper. Success to the Era.

—Maj. Forster, clerk in the office of Internal Affairs, at Harrisburg, is home on a visit, and called at the Reporter office a few days ago.

—A camp-meeting of the Ev. Association, will be held a short distance south of Millheim, commencing Aug 26.

—Read the letter of Mr. Hoy on the opposite page

—The Sprucetown M. E. Sabbath School will hold a Festival, in their church, on Saturday eve, Aug. 14. The proceeds will be applied for the benefit of the school. A general invitation is extended to all.

—Mr. Perry Rearick and family met with a serious accident on last Tuesday, as he was driving down the hill on the pike near Col. Josiah Neff's, with horse and spring wagon. The single-tree coming loose, the horse took fright and ran; Mrs. Rearick was the first to fall from the wagon, striking the ground with her head and shoulders, causing dangerous cuts in different parts of her head. The horse had proceeded but a short distance further when Mr. Rearick also fell out, and landed head foremost; he was also dangerously bruised about the head, and both are in a precarious way on account of the injuries sustained. Mrs. Rearick held a child in her arms as she fell, which escaped without injury. Another child remained in the wagon, until the horse was stopped a short distance further on and was also unharmed.

—We regret to learn that Shem Spigelmeyer, of Hartleton, Union co., has appointed assignees. The North'd Press says he failed to the amount of some $40,000.

—At the quarterly meeting on Monday last, of the directors of the Fire Ins. Comp., insurances were taken to the amount of $149,895.86—reported from six of the seven townships, for the last three months. This is greater than for any like period heretofore, and is an evidence of the deserved confidence our people have in their own home company.

—We had plenty of rain and plenty to spare beginning of this week. It commenced raining on Sunday evening, continued to pour down all night, and rained pretty nearly all day Monday, and poured down vigorously all night until Tuesday morning, and it was cold all the while—cold enough to make a warm stove desirable.

—Graham & Son, in Brockerhoff's block, still offer the best inducements in boots, shoes, gaiters, &c., for men, women and children. They always keep on hand a splendid assortment, of all styles and prices. Sole leather and shoe-findings for shoemakers. They offer bargains that can not be beat in this part of the state. Try them.

—If you desire to save up enough money to go to the Centennial, next summer, you can do it by following our advice right now, and thus save enough to have a fine time and be none the poorer for it. You can do it by starting in right now and purchasing your groceries of Sechler & Co., who sell so low that you will be enabled to lay up quite a pile between this and the Centennial. You get groceries fresh, good and cheap.

—WINE PRODUCTS OF NEW JERSEY.—This State is becoming celebrated for grape culture. Some of the richest port in the world is produced in New Jersey by Mr. Alfred Speer, whose name has become celebrated as a producer of strictly pure unadulterated wine. The Port Grape Wine of Mr. Speer is not bottled or put in market until it is four years old, and has become thoroughly fine and mellow. It has proved itself a wonderful assistant to physicians, who prescribe it from the fact that they have hitherto found it difficult to obtain Port Wine. This Wine is recommended for debilitated persons; and is given to consumptives to use with fresh raw eggs, and as a medium for taking cod liver oil. The difficulty of getting an imported or even a pure California Port is well understood to be so great as to preclude Doctors from allowing their patients to run the risk of its use. Mr. Speer being aware of this fact has taken the utmost care in the making of his wine from the ripest and finest grapes, so as to supplant the imported wines by producing a genuine article. His wines are known by chemists to be pure and the most reliable for medicinal purposes. The Druggists throughout the country sell it, as bottled by Mr. Speer.—*Chronicle.*

CENTRE HALL SELECT SCHOOL.—The fall term of this institution, under the management of Prof. Krise, commences, Monday Aug. 2. Terms reasonable. Board can also be had at a very reasonables rate. The Principal, Prof. Krise, is a thorough graduate, and has gained a reputation as a successful instructor. Young men preparing for college, will find it to their advantage to attend. 22jul 3t.

MERITS IS ITS OWN SUCCESS.—Superior merits and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation, have placed the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the Company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used on the Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it or the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing machine in existence. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 227 and 229 Broadway, New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free, on application.

This company want a few more good agents.

THE BURNING OF FURST'S MILL.—On Thursday morning last (the 22d) about three o'clock, the large mill property of J. S. Furst, at Cedar Springs, Nittany Valley, known as the Island Mill, was set on fire, and the Flour mill and warehouse, containing 7,000 bushels of wheat, 5,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of oats, several hundred bushels of rye, and over 100 barrels of flour, and about $300 worth of sacks and bags just received were destroyed. About 1,500 bushels of grain were saved in a damaged state, and about 1,000 bushels were hauled away by neighbors in a damaged state for feed. Of the grain in the mill, about 1,200 bushels were on storage, which the owners lose. There was no insurance on the grain, which was the property of the Furst Bros., the last insurance having expired a couple of weeks previous. The mill was insured for $10,000; of this $5,000 was in the Lycoming, $2,000 in the Farmers Mutual, of Danville, and $3,000 in the Sugar Valley Mutual. The mill was running at the time it was burnt; fire commenced on the second or third story, and had got under such headway when first seen that it could not be stopped. After carefully considering all the circumstance, the owners are of the opinion that the fire was the work of an icendiary.

The mill was built in 1868 for Mr. J. S. Furst by Samuel Fulton of this place. It was a four-story-and-a-half mill, the upper stories of wood, and contained four run of stone. It was in prime condition, complete in all its parts, and was one of the best mills in central Pennsylvania, its flour standing number one in the market. The mill property and warehouse burnt is estimated by Mr. Furst at $20,000 as the original cost. The loss to J. S. Furst, after payment of insurance and property saved, will be about $7,000. The loss to Furst Bros., who had leased and were running the mill, will be about $15,000, on which was no insurance.

The mill is going to be rebuilt forthwith. —*Cl. Democrat.*

SPAWLS FROM PENN, NOW AND THEN.

The grain through our section of country was good, the hay crop somewhat short, while oats, corn and potatoes promise a good yield.

The potato bugs have about ceased operations for this year, and the seeders have retired to make full preparations for the next crop of bugs.

The season for delegate elections is almost at hand, consequently the candidates are becoming more numerous and troublesome. Nevertheless the people have an idea that many days will be plenty thus preventing them from traveling.

The members of the Millheim band are making preparations to purchase a band wagon. I hope they will succeed this time.

Mr. Robert Miller late of the Two-ten republican, and a graduate from that office, has gained a position in the Berichter office, at Millheim. This position will undoubtedly suit Robert better than the former one, as he is feelingly and sensibly inclined to loiter about Straws-burg.

The turn-pike through our vicinity is in no good condition and needs looking after, will the managers please make note of this.

On last Saturday, the Pike S. School held a celebration in Mr Henry Keen's grove, north of the school house. The occasion was a pleasant one, and the attendance good. No pains were spared in preparing the things which are conducive of the pleasure on such a day. The Millheim band was on the ground and performed admirably well. Revs. E. Stambach and W. C. M'Cool were the orators of the day and performed their part in a creditable manner. Notwithstanding the school is young and small, it was a success and all went home highly delighted.

10. S. S.

ZION AND SUBURBS.

Fruit will be scare with the exception of grapes.

Singing in the Advent church every Sunday evening under the efficient management of Prof. P.O. Gentzel. Admission free and music a treat.

Rev. Pontius of Lock Haven delivered a very able and interesting sermon in the Reformed church at this place on last Sunday. We like the Rev. P. will soon pay us a visit again.

A ground dance was held in the Hecla Grove last Friday and Friday evening. Two colored violinists from Bellefonte were employed to do the playing. There were also two other gentlemen there from the same place to furnish them with the luxuries—strong drink and ice-cream. Notwithstanding the numerous advertisements that were tacked on the posts along the highway, the dance almost proved a failure owing to the scarcity of ladies.

Mr. Thomas Homan and wife while on their way home from a visit to some of their friends a few days ago, the hind axle of their buggy broke, threw her out and the horse taking fright made several hideous springs and also threw Mr. Homan out hurting him considerably by being forcibly thrown against the fence. Mrs. Homan however luckily escaped injury. The horse ran off and broke the buggy into pieces Mr. Homan is again able to by about. CON DENCEN.

—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on last Monday, the Penn Hall Academy, under Profs. Wolf and Evans, opened with in the neighborhood of forty students, and many more are expected to attend. It will undoubtedly be the largest school ever held in that place.

—Dried fruit, canned fruit, sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, fish, spices, confectioneries, vegetables of all kinds, to be had fresh and at lowest prices of Sechler & Co., who keep the best establishment this side of Salt Lake City.

$500 Reward.

A reward of five hundred dollars is offered by the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre co., for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who set fire to the stable of C. F Herlacher in Centre Hall, on the night of the 23 of July.

GEO. BUCHANAN, Pres.
D. F. LUSE, Sec.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—There are large numbers of Deeds or title papers on file in the Recorder's office, at Bellefonte, the accumulation of many years, which it may be much to the advantage of parties interested, to re-possess without delay. Indeed many of these papers are imperfect, and the records incomplete, and so noted by the Recorder.

All Deeds or mortgages on file, upon which the State Tax and Recorder's fees remain unpaid, ought to be, and must be promptly attended to by the parties, to avoid the costs which will necessarily accrue on further neglect.

RECORDER'S OFFICE, } I. J. GRENOBLE
Bellefonte, July 19, '75 } Recorder.

TRIAL LIST FOR AUGUST TERM—COMMENCING AUG. 23, 1875.

W. W. Brown, use of, vs. C Strickland et al.
M. D. Gray vs. E. J. Pruner.
I. Gaines, use of, vs. John Heiss.
D. P. Rishel vs. Tobias Wetzel.
A. Zerby vs D. H. Lutz.
Beach, Binsmad and Fairfield vs. Jos. Garberick.
J H Friday vs. Penna. R R Co.
Dinah M Adams vs. Jacob Tomb et al.
W L Musser vs. Wm P McMannus.
Wm Decker vs. Henry White's Admins.

GRAND JURORS. August Term.

Bellefonte—G O'Brian, R Curtin, D W Woodring.
Ferguson—Daniel Krebs.
Walker—Wm Pennington.
Benner—B F Hunter, Chr Dale U Stover.
Penn—J W Snook, Jacob Saunders.
Miles—R D Bierly.
Harris—P Shreck. A Dale.
Liberty—J F Clark.
Worth—S S Miles.
Huston—J A Fugate.
Potter—Josiah Neff.
Boggs—John Poorman, jr.
Curtin—Wm Mann.
Milesburg—Joseph Shirk, John E Thomas.
Taylor—Isaac Moore.
Rush—Geo D Similer.

Traverse Jurors.

Patton—A Sellers, G Pottsgrove, T Hartsock, Wm Stine.
Harris—S Ishler, Jas Jack.
Miles—S K Foust, Aaron Smull, S S Spangler, John Shaffer.
Liberty—C Johnson, D B Kunes.
Walker—Joel Struble, P Walter, J H Talbert.
Hallmoon—John Wilson, J W Gray.
Benner—J B Whitmer, G Hastings.
Boggs—E Zimmerman, J A Whitehill, P H Haupt.
Penn—Aaron Dutweiler.
Haines—T Yearick.
Potter—Fred Kurtz, Wm Spangler, J D Lingle.
Bellefonte—W B Twitmire, A Loeb, Wm Harper, P B Wilson, J Curtin.
Huston—H Hartsock, E C Henderson.
Spring—S Tobbins.
Ferguson—H Snyder, J Kreamer J W Crumreine.
Howard—M P Holter, J R Leathers.
Snowshe—James Gates, D Wolf, J G Uzzle.
Worth—S Gingerich, W H Williams.
Gregg—M H Guise, Wm Neese.
Philipsburg—D Funk.

COMMUNICATIONS.

(We are not responsible for the opinions expressed in communications. Communications recommending persons for office must be paid for.)

Commissioner.

MR. KURTZ.—As we elect three new Commissioners, the good of the tax-payers demands that one of the old members who has the run of the business, should go into the new board. J. Newlin Hall should therefore be nominated for re-election. He has made an honest and faithful officer, and understanding the duties of the office, the tax payers will be serving their own interests by having him re-nominated. TAXPAYER.

The Senatorship.

ED. REPORTER.—Professing to be a democrat, and knowing that Centre county will strongly urge her right to the senatorship from our district at the district conference, I feel more interest than I other wise would in the result of the canvass for Senator in your county. I am persuaded from my personal acquaintance with the democrats of Centre that they will not willingly give the nomination to any man who, to accomplish his own selfish purposes will attack the ticket of his party and lend his aid and influence to the opponents of his party. I ask for this reason a few simple questions of Mr. P. Gray Meek one of the candidates asking the nomination:

1st. Did you not, last fall both before and after the nomination of the district ticket confer with republicans and dissatisfied democrats and aid and assist in keeping alive the "Modoc" organization in our county?

2nd. Did you not go to Clearfield and have a private interview with Jacob Faust the chairman of the "Modoc Committee" at the Shaw House in regard to the manner of conducting the Modoc campaign.?

3rd. Did you not meet parties at Tyrone from Clearfield and consult and advise with them in opposition to the regular democratic organization?

4th. Did you not go to Curwensville to meet and consult H. Kerns, John Patton and with Brainard of the "Times" the publisher of the Modoc organ?

5th. Will you state who wrote letters to different democrats in our county advising opposition to the regular democratic organization?

6th. Did you not vote for extra pay to members of the legislature in 1871, and pocket some $500 in addition to the regular pay of $1000 and thus become a salary-grabber?

Fearing that you may not answer these questions, I will do so myself. I charge you with all that is contained in these few questions, and I might have asked many more, and I can prove all that I allege. I charge you with double dealing and treachery, with consulting and advising with the enemies of our party in the county and of giving them all the aid in your power. If you are an honest democrat why did you go out of your county to oppose your party in another county? Will you swear that during your time in the legislature you never received money for your vote? How do you explain the fact, that on every know corrupt measure before that body while you were there you always voted on the same side with the *Hon.* Sam. Josephs; perhaps this was accidental but it is strange that it is so. I will leave you for the present to your own reflections and ask one question of the democrats of Centre county: will you make P. Gray Meek your candidate in the face of these facts.

DEMOCRAT OF OSCEOLA.

For Register.

A few weeks ago an article or two appeared in your excellent paper advocating very strongly the two term rule, and urging democrats not to break the customs of the party, siting as authority the resolution of the Lancaster convention, condemning the third term aspirations of the President, and adhering to the two term rule, in that high office. There are great reasons why no man should be made chief magistrate of the nation, more than two terms, that do not, and can not in any manner apply to any county office. In the one case the officer may be ambitious, and grasp so much after power as to make it very dangerous to the liberties of the people to continue him their ruler, but this can not apply to any county officer. He has no "opportunity to use power to promote his own aims or to oppress the people. Then why rave about the evils of the third term for the office of Register? No harm can come to any one by continuing a good and faithful servant in the office a life time.

Every body will admit hat Capt. John H. Morrison has filled the office of Register with entire satisfaction; as an officer he has been faithful, honest, gentlemanly, kind and corteous to all that had any connection with him in a business capacity.

I cannot see why men want to leave large, rich and productive farms, and crave an office that does nothing more than furnish a living for any one who may occupy it. People seem as a rule to have a mistaken idea of the county offices. Let him who lives on his farm lay it aside and fill an office that don't yield over $1200 or $1400 annually, and live off the returns of the office alone, pay his taxes and clothe his family, by the end of the year, we venture he will be disgusted with the office and heartily wish he was back on the farm.

Capt Morrison is poor; he lives out of the office, he relies upon it for his living and has no broad acres to fall back upon when his time is out. It is the desire of all mankind to reward merit, if a public servant has been faithful, it is universally acknowledged by the public. Sometimes by bestowing higher honors, and at other times by continuing him in the same office.

Let us then democrats, show our appreciation of Capt Morrison's service by giving him another term. Long and well has he served the party. At no time did he for a moment, forsake the old Democratic banner. He has earned another term of office, he deserves it. Let us give it with a willing hand.

PENNSVALLEY.

For the Reporter.

Philadelphia politics and politicians have become so corrupt and debased within the last few years that no decent, honest or honorable man in or out of the city could be found to take part in its politics, or be in company with its politicians. That the great city of our state should be disgraced, and its government left under the control of men who rob and plunder the public, is the regret of every honest man in the commonwealth. But there are men all over the state who strive dilligently to follow the foot steps of those who rob and plunder the people of Philadelphia. We have politicians of that class in Centre county. Some are now seeking a nomination who believe like rulers of Philadelphia, that there is nothing honorable in politics, and in it, it is fair to resort to any means to accomplish this purpose or to make their nomination. Accepting this as a principle whenever a certain candidate in this county is in deep water and fears he may not reach the shore, when battling with the honest sons of Centre county he sends to Philadelphia and imports one of the most despicable and drunken of her politicians, and foists him on the honest people of this county as his friend, and under pretense that he has a residence in this township, when he has not voted in the county for years at a regular election

This was done by Mr. Meek in 1871 in his contest with Mr. Orvis and every year since when there was a contest and a show of the people choosing a man who believed in honesty in politics as well as in business. Why is it that the people of the county must each year have this bummer and repeater drawn out of the slough and corruption of Philadelphia, by Mr. Meek, and foisted upon them? Are we not able to conduct our own delegate elections? Can we not tell who are to fill our offices, and should we not say, of ourselves, who shall receive our nomination? Must we, each year, have Mr. Meek send to Philadelphia about three weeks before the delegate elections and procure one of her blackguards and low politicians to corrupt our people? Every day for three weeks this henchman of Mr. Meek's might be seen taking young men to drinking saloons filling them with whiskey, not at his own expense, and then have them pledge themselves right or wrong to support Mr. Meek for Senator. For shame Mr. Meek. Stop it. Use fair means to make your nomination, but do not corrupt honest people of the county by bringing among them scourings of Philadelphia politics. Honest men, honest democrats of Centre county rise in your dignity and stamp out any one who attempts such things. BENNER.

READ! READ!

THE MAN WHO FLEECED HONEST DEMOCRATS DURING THE WAR!

Meek as a Bounty Broker.

Mr. Editor:—During the war while Hon. P G Meek was continually advising men through his paper not to volunteer, turned substitute broker, and as a friend offered his services Henry Snyder, Benjamin Corl and other democrats of Ferguson township to procure substitutes for them, in March '65. Mr Meek repaired to Williamsport, and procured substitutes for each man, paying $900 a piece; on his return he made those men believe that the substitutes cost TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH which they paid to Mr Meek in addition to $10 which he demanded for his services, thus defrauding each man out of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Henry Snyder states that Mr James Mitchell, who was by and heard Meek close the bargain for the substitute for Mr Snyder, informed him that MEEK POSITIVELY AGREED TO PAY HIM (the substitute) ONLY $900; and when the HON P GRAY MEEK returned he made Mr Snyder believe the substitute cost $1200! If any thing more is needed, there is a gentleman ready at any time to make affidavit that Mr Meek said he intended "to make something" off of Snyder. ONE WHO KNOWS.

PROTHONOTARY.

Some people are very willing to commend those for public offices, who have never been tried and are entirely inexperienced. I am only desirous of commending those who have been tried, proved and found faithful and deserving in every particular. The office of Prothonotary is a very important one to the people of the county, it requires a careful, judicious and responsible man to discharge its duties. There is no man in the county better fitted for that position than the present incumbent, Mr. Williams. During the three years he has held and discharged the duties of that office he has given entire satisfaction to Courts, Jurors, and the public. No one complained. Kind, courteous and ever generous to every man that found it necessary to go into his office in search of anything. A man of firm, staunch, character and good sober habits. The man exactly the people want. And we feel sure they will have, why seek some one else, when there is one to retain the present incumbent. In an office where there is such great responsibilities as those who have been tried serve the best. In connection also we to make a correction, it has been asserted that Mr. Rumbarger was a candidate for Prothonotary in 1869, this is a mistake. Mr. Rumbarger was a candidate for Register that year, and was beaten by Col. Frohock, now before the people.

We mean to be brief, if the party deserve to be successfully led and elect an honest and worthy democrat, one who made himself to the office of Prothonotary, the convention of next Tuesday will nominate Aaron Williams. PENN.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA.

New York, July 30.—A Havana letter says an immense convoy was captured by the Rebels between Puerta Principe and Guaymaro, half of its escort being placed hors du combat, and near Remidios the Cubans drove a Spanish column back to their entrenchment, after capturing their baggage and military supplies. The Spanish loss in the fomer engagement was 159, killed, including their commander, and $150,000 in gold.

Mr. Hugh Roberts, of Greene twp., was bitten by a rattlesnake on the hand a few days ago. He cut the wound open with his knife and sucked the blood from it. He has since experienced no trouble.—Indiana Democrat.

DEATH OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

HIS LAST SICKNESS—THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR HIS FUNERAL.

Memphis, July 30.—A Greenville, Tenn., special to the Avalanche says: Ex-President Johnson received a very severe stroke of paralysis at four o'clock, Wednesday, at his daughter's residence in Carter county. Feeling has been partially restored to his left side. He speaks intelligently and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Cincinnati, O., July 31.—This morning at about 2 o'clock ex-President Johnson died, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Brown, formerly Mrs. Colonel Stover, in Carter County, from a paralytic stroke. He had been in rather bad health since the adjournment of the last session of Congress, but nothing serious was anticipated.

Last Wednesday he took the morning train to visit his daughter, with whom Mrs. Johnson had been sojourning for the past six weeks. He rode in a hack from Carter's depot to her residence, some six miles distant, and seemed in good spirits on his arrival and eat a hearty dinner, and after a few minutes of general conversation retired up stairs and conversed with his grand-daughter, Miss Lillie Stoner. While thus engaged his tongue refused utterance, and to her great consternation he fell from his seat to the floor. Help was instantly summoned, and almost as soon as raised he expressed, indistinctly, however, that his right side was paralyzed. After being taken to bed, when the family spoke of sending for a physician he forbade it, saying that he would soon recover. On this account the summoning of medical aid was deferred twenty-four hours, when Dr. Jobe was called from Elizabethtown, two miles distant. He instantly began heroic treatment, aided by Dr. Cameron, and seemed at one time the next day to be succeeding. The patient conversed imperfectly in regard to domestic matters, and did not seem conscious of approaching dissolution, but his case was beyond the skill of physicians, and at 7 o'clock last night he became unconscious. Mrs. Patterson and Andrew Johnson, jr., arrived an hour later with two physicians from Greenville, Doctors Brey and Taylor, but he did not recognize any of them, and after seven hours and a half of unconsciousness, he peacefully breathed his last, surrounded by his wife, children and all his grandchildren, except the son and daughter of ex-Senator Patterson.

DROUGHT IN THE SOUTH.

Montgomery, July 29.—The drought is burning the corn in some places. We have had no rain since May and the crops are an utter failure. In the greater part of the cotton belt no rain has fallen in five or six weeks. The thermometer ranges from ninety-six to ninety eight degrees. It is estimated that the crop has been cut off from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. from the calculations of three weeks ago.

A CYCLONE IN INDIANA.

Cincinatti, July 30.—A Gazette Indianapolis special says: A cyclone passed through Holidaysburg, Fountain county, Indiana, on last Sunday night, tearing houses to pieces, uprooting trees, and sweeping things generally before it. Five women were killed. Among the names of the killed thus far acertained are Mrs Sowers, Mrs. Sample and Mrs. Patterson. A hired girl and a little daughter of Mrs. Sowers were also among the victims.

A special to the same paper from Cambridge City Indiana, says that 250 feet of the track of the Whitewater Valley Railroad has been washed out, and a bridge carried away. A large force of men are engaged in repairing the damage.

THIRTY-EIGHT PERSONS DROWNED.

London, July 27.—Information has been received of the wreck, on April 14th, of the ship Stuart Habneman on a voyage from Bombay. Five of her crew arrived at St. Helena. The remainder, thirty-eight in number, were drowned. The survivors were thirteen days on sea in an open boat.

A TRAIN ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC BREAKING THROUGH A BRIDGE EIGHTY FEET HIGH.

St. Paul, July 27.—Information has been received here that a mixed train on the Northern Pacific Railroad, consisting of twenty two cars, went through the bridge across the Mississippi at Brainerd, this morning, killing five persons. The bridge is about eighty feet high.

MARKETS.

Produce.

Philadelphia, July 31.—Seeds—There is very little cloverseed here. We quote choice western 13½ per pound. Timothy ranges from $3 to $3.10.

Prime old wheat is scare and higher. New is held also at an advance. Sales of old red at $1 36@1 38; new do at $1 28@1 30; amber at $1 40@1 42, and white at $1 50. Rye sells at $1@1 05. Corn is in steady demand as an advance. Sales of 5,000 bushels at 86@87c. for yellow, and 85c. for mixed. Oats are in good request and 6,000 bushels sold at 64@64½c for white, and 60@63½c for mixed.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White wheat $1 15 Red 110.... Rye 90 .....Corn 65 ....Oats 60.....Barley 90. 70....Cloverseed 8,00.....Eggs 15. ....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail7,00.. Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

DEATHS.

In Lewistown, on the 22d July, 1875 Mary T., wife of Daniel Printz, aged 32 years. Also, the twin children of the deceased, who were laid in the arms of the mother and buried in the same grave. The painful circumstances under which Mrs. Printz was called away touched a chord of sympathy in the community, and a long procession of people followed the mourners to the cemetery on Sunday evening.

On 1st inst at Spring Mills, daughter of George Dunkle, aged 9 months.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans Court on Wednesday the 25th day of August, A. D. 1875, for allowance and confirmation.

The account of Adam Vonada, guardan of Henry A. Vonada, minor son of David Vonada, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The final account of William Weaver and Daniel Weyer, executors of the Estate of Samuel Weaver, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

The account of William Durst, administrator of the Estate of William H. Mays, late of Harris twp, dec'd.

The first and partial account of Jacob Bower, jr., administrator of Samuel Bower, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The administration account of David Lawyer, administrator of Mary Lawyer, late of Marian twp, dec'd.

The second and final account of James Glenn and Sarah A. Garner, administrators of Daniel Garner, late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of John Houtz, guardian of John, Mary and George Jefferson and Benjamin F. Houtz, minor children of Lucinda Houtz deceased.

The account of Wm. Smith administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Jacob P. Smith, late of Penn twp dec'd.

The account of Moses Thompson and Margaret Gregg administrators of Col. Andrew Gregg, late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of J W Campbell and Amos E Clemson, Executors of the last will and testament of Frederick Gates late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The first and final account of John Wolf administrator of Ezra Brittain late of Potter twp dec'd.

The account of James Heverly Guardian of Sarah S Walker, minor child of Machael A Walker late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Perry W McDowell executor of the last will and testament of Nathan Beck late of Marion twp dec'd.

The account of Jesse Underwood, administrator of Jos. Underwood of Centre county, dec'd.

The supplemental and final account of Mrs. Jane H. Strohecker one of the administrators of Dr. Samuel Strohecker late of Miles twp dec'd.

The account of Calvin P W Fisher guardian of Mary Rebecca Groh, minor child of Eliza Groh late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Mary A Ross and Robert Cummings, Executors of the Estate of John P Ross late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel Gilliland administrator of Estate of J Duncan Rankin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The final account of John B. Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of Mary C Stine late Mary C Beirly, administrator of Tartullas Beirly late of Boggs twp dec'd

The account of Daniel Bartges, John Rishel executor in the last will and testament of John Bartges late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of T M Hall executor in the late will and testament of Charles Lucas late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Henry Meyer administrator of Jacob Meyer late of Miles twp dec'd.

The trustee account of Alexander Kerr trustee to sell the Real Estate of Catherine Rankin late of Potter twp dec'd

The executorship account of James Dunlap and Thomas F Patton executors in the last will and testament of John Archey late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel J Herring and John Grove administrators of the Estate of A J Young late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of John W Krumrine and Mrs. M J Kepler administrators of Jacob Kepler late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The final account of John B Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of J C Shineberger and David Stover administrators of the Estate of George Shineberger late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Joseph Baker administrator of Elizabeth Corbin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of J P Gephart trustee to sell the Real Estate of Jacob S Awl late of Harris dec'd.

The account of Louis Wetzler and Jacob Pletcher executors in the last will and testament of Jacob Wetzler late of Howard twp dec'd.

Register's Office, } J. H. MORRISON,
Bellefonte Jul. 24 '75 } Register.

NEW GOODS!

—AT THE—

Centre Mills Store,

J. F. THRONE

has just opened a fine Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE which he is selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

Consisting in

DRY GOODS,
ALPACCAS,
MOHAIRS,
PIQUES,
LAWNS,
MUSLINS,
PRINTS,
FLOUNTS,
SHIRTING,
TWEEDS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES,
FINE CASSIMERS,
EMBORDERIES,
GLOVES,
SHAWLS,
HOSIERY,
SKIRTS,
RIBBONS

and fancy articles belonging to the Grocery department Sugars, Coffees, Syrup, N. Orleans Mollasses, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Fish, Salt, everything usually found in this department.

QUEENSWARE, whole sets or dishes or by the piece.

DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES.

WOOD and WILLOWWARE.

HARDWARE.

FORKS, RAKES, SHOVELS, HOES, NAILS, &c., GENTS' CALF BOOTS, LADIES' BUTTON GAITORS & MOROCCO, CHILDRENS' SHOES of all kinds.

TOBACCO & CIGARS, all at greatly reduced prices. Call and see for yourselves. No charge for showing goods.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain, and country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

june24-1m.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN LONDON.

An old English record states that as early as the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out, like sedan chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him, as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps, it he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the side-walks, and called him mad; women, from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.—Fannie Roper Feudge, *St. Nicholas for August.*

Meyer's Poultry Powder.

Warranted, if used in time, to cure chicken cholera or gapes. With a supply of this Powder, and a teaspoonful of ordinary sanitary material, no one may keep Poultry (even in confinement) for any length of time, with both profit and pleasure. Package 25 cts., five for $1.00. Ask your dealer. Sent free upon receipt of price. Address,

A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore.

CUMMINGS HOUSE

Bellefonte, PA.

ISAAC MILLER, Proprietor.

The Cummings House, on Bishop street, is one of the pleasantest located hotels in the town. It has the best stables in the place, has an excellent livery attached and every attention will be paid guests. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for the public. Boarding by the day or week, and rates charged will always be found very low. june 17.

Spring Goods,

At Potter's Mills.

I. B. M'ENTIRE.

Dealer in

Domestic Dry Goods.

Ladie's Dress Goods

of every description, embracing all the New Styles in the market. Also,

NOTIONS,
LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
CLOTHING, CASIMERES,
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

of every description. all of which will be sold at very low rates for CASH or its equivalent. Don't forget the place, come and see us anyhow, if you don't buy. No trouble to show goods.

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods. 6may 6m.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Opposite Bush House,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

FINE SHOES

for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly.

KINGSFORD'S

OSWEGO PURE

—AND—

Silver Gloss Starch,

For the Laundry.

MANUFACTURED BY

T. KINGSFORD & SON,

The Best Starch in the World.

Gives a Beautiful Finish to the Linen, and the difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your Grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S

Oswego Corn Starch,

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC MANGE, ICE CREAM, &C.

Is the original—Established in 1848. And preserves its reputation as Purer, Stronger and More Delicate than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make Hay.

At a late meeting of the Elmira (N. Y.) farmers' club the question of cutting grass and making hay was considered: A. R. Frost said: I am greatly in favor of cutting grass while it is yet grass, before it reaches the woody stage. It makes hay of far better quality, especially for feeding to sheep. If it is left standing too long sheep will eat only the heads and a portion of the leaves, leaving the coarse, innutritious stalks as waste, and it is impossible for them to fatten on such feed as ripe timothy hay. When I was a boy it was a common occurrence for sheep to die in wintering, the loss being attributed to lack of care, but I am well satisfied that in many cases there was sufficient cause in the over-ripe timothy which in those days was made into hay. It is true we used to have better meadows then, which I think may be attributed to the fact that the leaf mold was not washed out of the soil as it is now by long-continued tilling. We cut with a scythe, too, leaving more protection to the roots, and besides we did not pasture off closely in the fall, as the custom now is, for we overstock with cattle and sheep, and the result is that we yield to the temptation of a nice aftergrowth, which ought to be left as protection to the sod, and suffer our stock to graze it closely, so that the sod is exposed to the bleak winds of winter, naked and unprotected. On my farm sheep are rarely put on the meadows to graze. I believe if the aftergrowth is not fed off at all the crop in the next season is more than enough better to compensate the apparent loss. If I am to define the exact time when timothy may gathered with the greatest profit, having regard to the quality of the hay and the permanency of the sod, I should say, just at the time when the seed is forming, before it is plump and full, in fact, when it is plainly beginning to form. I am considering this matter with reference to sheep and cows. If the hay is to be used for horses it will do to cut the grass at a later stage. I believe that one ton of hay made from grass cut at the stage I have designated will go as far in feeding sheep or cows as a ton and a quarter cut at a later stage, say when the seed is fully formed. One season I cut a portion of my grass, and having barley ripe I attended to that before finishing my mowing, so that what remained was somewhat over-ripe. It seemed to me in the feeding that in weight and lasting qualities the early cut was twice as good as the late cut, which was puffy and light, the stock having no relish for it. For making milk there is no doubt that early cut is vastly superior to late cut grass. I have never been able to cut good grass at what I regard as the proper stage, and draw it in on the same day. It is true I have not used the tedder, but when the grass is succulent as it should be, it seems impossible that it should be sufficiently cured in a few hours of an afternoon to prevent heating and sweating in the mow and turning red, as it often does after such heating. All this is hurtful, even with timothy hay, so I prefer more thorough curing in the meadow. As for clover, I have been obliged in tolerably good weather to leave it out two or three or even four days, for I would much prefer having it cured in the field to having it burn like an oven in the barn. I do not want the experience of President Hoffman or of Secretary Armstrong (alluding to the fact that each had a barn burn with the contents, caused by storing green clover). If I can manage clover to suit I cut it in the morning and get in cock toward night. Then with a little opening out and handling it will in two or three days, if fair weather, be fit to go in. I do not want it much exposed to the sun so as to get brown and brittle. I want the bright clover blossoms to show their color in the hay. One thing more I must add in regard to hay making—it is a recommendation for hay caps. They are not expensive, and a set once provided will last many years. Spread over the cocks they preserve the hay from wet even if there should be quite heavy rains. My brother uses caps, and he has told me that they would save his hay through a week of rain. Clover needs such protection more than timothy does.

Seeding to Grass.

We lay down the following requisites for successful seeding: A smooth bed of mellow earth. Covering the seed by surface or brush-harrowing or rolling this mellow surface. If seeded with winter grain, mellowing the surface either in late autumn or in early spring by surface harrowing. If seeded with spring grain, and especially with oats, sowing never more than half the usual amount of grain. The grass crop will be much increased by sowing a large amount of seed—say half a bushel or more per acre. To these requisites we may add, that if the surface of the ground can be dressed with a moderate coat of light compost or short manure before sowing, to be finely intermixed with the soil by a light, subsequent harrowing, it will not only tend to cause all the grass seed to germinate, but its growth will be greatly increased. A careful and thorough preparation will prove more economical in the end, by the heavy and reliable product which it will afford. Farmers have given much attention to raising great crops of corn, potatoes and carrots, but very little special effort has been made to produce premium crops of grass. Manuring, fine pulverization, and abundant seed, which shall give from three to five tons of hay per acre. Why will not agricultural societies, which offer premiums for heavy crops, include grass as one of the most important of all?—*Country Gentleman.*

Remedies for Cabbage Worms.

Hellebore, lime, salt and similar substanses have been used with varied success for the destruction of cabbage worms. It is now stated that bran and buckwheat flour answer the purpose better than any other remedies that have been tried. The bran is simply dusted over the infested cabbages as soon as the worms make their appearance. If the worms are very thick, about a handful of bran is required to each cabbage head, and sometimes it is necessary to go over the plants a second time. A hundredweight of bran is sufficient for an acre. It must be applied when the worms are young. When they are full-grown or very strong, it does not appear to affect them. The buckwheat is sifted upon them by means of a sieve in the evening or in the morning—when the dew is on the plants. If one application does not destroy the worms a second one should be made. It is probable that wheat flour, fine Indian meal or any other pulverulent farinaceous substance would have the same effect—*American Garden.*

Potato Bugs.

For the benefit of those who do not wish to use paris green, I will give my mode of destroying the bugs, or rather the eggs, which is quickly done, and which I have found very effective. Bend over the tops with the hand, extended so as to expose the entire under surface and the leaves on all sides, and where the eggs are found deposited in clusters of from ten to fifty, remove them with the leaf and burn them. The eggs are of a bright orange color, and can readily be seen. One accustomed to it can walk along at a moderate pace, and can go over thoroughly two to four acres per day, according to the quantity of eggs to be removed. I look over my vines once a week, though it may not be necessary to go over them as often as that. It is much easier destroying fifty eggs on a leaf, than to destroy the same number of bugs, and it is done in about the same time it would take to apply an article that many do not like to use.—*S. N. T. Phelps, New York.*

How to Kill the Colorado Beetle.

The gathering of the potato bug seems to fall to the lot of children, and to any sensitive child the handling them with the fingers is an unpleasant task. I suggest the following remedy: Take a common clothespin and whittle it off at the so as to form an easy spring and have the inside faces so that at the point they will fit into each other for half an inch, and you have an implement with which any one may pick up bugs and either kill them or drop them into a vessel for counting. At the same time it is just the thing for destroying the clusters of eggs found on the leaves. It works admirably. No patent applied for.

THE DARING ROBBERY.

Mrs. Danser's Story of the Crime---How the House in New York was Entered---The Lady Blindfolded, Gagged, and Handcuffed---The Stolen Property Worth $14,800.

Mr. Matthias Danser, whose residence it was that was ransacked and robbed in New York, in conversation with a *Times* reporter, spoke of his loss in a very philosophical way, although he betrayed great nervousness in his manner. Mr. Danser said that his wife had been unable to talk with any one except himself, as the physician had ordered that she should be kept as free from excitement as possible, in order that she might recover from the nervousness consequent on the rough treatment she had received. She is considerably bruised, her neck being black and blue from the effects of the choking administered by the bandits as a persuasive measure to induce her to tell them where to find the money and bonds of which they were in search. The story of her adventures, as told by her, was that at about half-past eleven in the morning, after her husband and daughter had gone out, leaving her alone, three young men of respectable appearance stopped in front of the door and critically examined the front of the house. One of them had a blank book in his hand, and seemed to be writing in it with a lead pencil. The other two appeared to be talking in an easy, unconstrained manner, but did not talk much. They had the air of men who were on business, and when they rapped at the basement door, as they did shortly afterward, she supposed it was in relation to some matter of water rates or taxes of some kind. The business was not a pleasant one, and she hesitated about replying to their summons, as she was all alone in the house, and did not wish, on account of her age, to discuss business matters. A second knock, however, followed the first, after a short interval, and to this she responded, opening the door for the supposed officials. Their first words, "something about the water," confirmed her supposition, and, with no misgivings, she allowed them to enter, and as they stepped toward the back part of the hall she followed them unsuspectingly. Unobserved by her, one of the three lagged behind after she had closed the hall door, and locked and bolted it securely. As soon as this was done, the other two seized Mrs. Danser by the throat, choking her to prevent any outcry, and holding her so tightly as to overcome any struggles the feeble old lady might make, they bore her up stairs. She was overcome with terror, but had presence of mind enough to refrain from struggling, realizing her utter helplessness, and knowing that the best thing she could do would be to remain passive.

First seeking the rear part of the third story of the house, as being probably the furthest away from any of the neighbors who might chance to overhear them, they looked carefully at the windows to see that they were closed, and then began questioning their victim and threatening her with death if she did not tell them where to find money and bonds. They said over and over again that unless she told them where to find money and bonds they would cut her throat, but the only answer she could make was that she had no money in the house, and, if there were any bonds, she did not know where they were. They continued the threats until they were satisfied either of the truth of her replies or of the uselessness of spending more time in questioning her, when one of the gang went down stairs and admitted some confederates, how many is not known, but Mrs. Danser believes that the entire gang numbered seven.

It is evident from the fact of the repeated demands made by the robbers for information concerning the whereabouts of bonds that they knew there were bonds kept in the house. Mr. Danser says that the only way they could have known that bonds were kept there was through the facts connected with a former theft of some of the coupons of the bonds that were stolen. He says that three months ago a servant girl, then in his employ, who afterward died in St. Luke's hospital, stole, betore leaving the house, some coupons and other papers and a few articles of small value. When he learned of the loss he caused an advertisement to be inserted in several papers offering a reward for the recovery of the coupons, and he thinks that the robbers, seeing the advertisement in the papers, concluded that the bonds were kept in the house. He knew of no other way in which they could have known it, as he had had the bonds since the time he purchased them—before the war—he thinks in 1860. They were of the kind known as Virginia sixes, and although he has not kept very close track of their value, neither wishing to sell nor buy, he believes them to be worth thirty-seven cents on a dollar, which, as the par value of the bonds stolen was $40,000, would make their market value $14,800. After the beginning of the war the payment of the interest on the bonds was stopped, but since then the authorities at Richmond have redeemed the coupons due by an issue of new certificates. Some time ago Mr. Danser sent his coupons through the Citizens' Bank to Richmond for redemption, and received the new certificates, the bonds stolen being of both new and old kinds. They are payable to bearer, and consequently as negotiable as a bank bill.

While Mrs. Danser was guarded by the two men who remained with her when the third went down to admit their confederates, she was bound with a rope which was improvised by tearing in pieces a shirt of Mr. Danser's. With this her ankles were tightly fastened to a bedpost, and with other parts of the shirt she was blindfolded and gagged, and a pair of handcuffs, of the new patent kind, were fastened so tightly on her wrists as to cause her no little pain. She complained of the pain a few minutes afterward, having managed to slip the gag from her mouth. The handcuffs were loosened by one of the gang, who is the only one whom Mrs. Danser thinks she could identify. She describes him as tall and well mannered. The gag was, however, replaced, and she was forced to listen, while utterly powerless, to the ravages of the robbers as they broke and destroyed many things in the search for the bonds, which they at length found. A number of New York Central railroad bonds were found by them, and, being payable only to Mr. Danser, were tossed aside and scattered over the floor.

About Spelling.

Prof. E. L. Youmans says in regard to spelling: When a child enters school there should be no break in its earlier mental unfolding; but this is just what generally occurs. Instead of going on with its normal mental exercises, it is turned off into artificial mental exercises. Instead of still employing its thought mainly upon the properties and relations of things, symbols are substituted for things, and the whole action of the mind becomes a manipulation of symbols. The memory is not only loaded with verbal signs, but these are arbitrary and contradictory; and an accuracy is exacted in retaining them which consumes an immense proportion of the time, and after working great mental mischief, generally ends in failure. Tolerable spelling is, of course, an important thing, but we do not believe in dwarfing or stupefying the mind to gain it. Let it be taught incidentally, and in subordination to the regular exercises of the higher faculties, and the end will be better served than by trying to make it the prime accomplishment of education. Perhaps, in regard to so fundamental a reform, but little is to be expected from the present generation of teachers; but, happily for the hopes of humanity, there is an arrangement by which the present generation of teachers is destined to be taken out of the way.

Their Cupboards.

When Vassar College was built and filled at once by about four hundred inhabitants, none of them could find one closet in the whole immense building. Matther Vassar was astounded at being told that the girls wanted closets. "Why," he said, "they can have two nails in the wall, one for their school dress and one for their best dress—and what do they want more?" But in spite of the unreasonableness of the demand, the closets had to be built after all.

The Brave Messenger's Story.

James Burke, who so bravely defended his express car from the robbers on the Vandalia road in Illinois, told his story to a reporter who reproduces it thus: The place where the train stopped for water is deserted and gloomy, nor is there any house in the neighborhood. Burke had long expected that some such attempt as this would be made, and thought Longpoint was likely to be the place, consequently he was on the lookout, and the moment he heard the shots fired that killed the engineer, Milo Ames, he closed the doors of his express car, and locked and bolted them. Then he barricaded them with his packages, behind which he intended to defend himself also, if the affair came to close quarters. Immediately after he closed the door the robbers detached the locomotive and express car from the rest of the train, and started the engine on a fast run. One of the robbers must have been an experienced engineer, as Burke heard the whistle blown and the signal for down brakes given. This, he thinks, was intended to make him believe that the train was running all right as usual, and so induce him when it stopped to open the car door. The brakes were applied, and the engine stopped abruptly after running two miles. Then came a low tap on the door, and a voice outside, as if that of a friend, whispered: "Jim, let me in, quick," but Jim couldn't see it, and called out to the intruder to leave the door or he would blow his brains out, and that he would certainly kill the first man that showed his head. The robbers then changed their tactics, and told Burke if he would open the door they wouldn't hurt him, but if he resisted they would certainly kill him. Burke, not caring to reveal his position in the car, uttered not a word. They then, with a crowbar and sledgehammer obtained from the locomotive, tried to break through the doors, and finally commenced firing through them, both at the side and rear. Burke thought it best to show them that he too could play at that game, and he also fired a couple of shots through the doors. This, and the apprehended coming up of men from the train, frightened the robbers away. When the train came up Burke was not certain who they were, and kept his doors closely bolted until the locomotive and express car had been run clear back to Longpoint. Then the number of and sound of the voices convinced him that all was right, and he cautiously peeped out. Burke is quite a young looking man, although he says he has been in the employ of the Adams company for about sixteen years, and has been on the run between here and St Louis for four years. The American Express Company had no special car attached to the train, but they had a messenger with goods and packages in the baggage car, of which fact the robbers were probably not aware. Ames, the engineer, was at first ordered by the bandits to pull out with the locomotive and express car, and commenced to comply, but it suddenly struck the scoundrels that if Ames went out with the locomotive they would, when they stopped, have both him and Burke to contend with, consequently they shot him down and then engineered the locomotive themselves. His body did not fall off the engine, and it was found lying therein, cold and stiff, when the locomotive and express car were brought back to the rest of the train. There were at least five of the robbers, and perhaps more.

People's Love of Quarrel.

There is much truth in the following. Perhaps some of our readers will recognize the likeness. If it is true more than half of the ill-will which men and women manufacture for mutual misery results from the habit of emphasizing differences in an offensive manner. It is just as well to know the cause and, if we can, remove it:

There are some persons who seem to make it their first object on forming a new acquaintance to discover the points of antagonism that exist between them. They will inquire what political party or religious sect he represents, or ask opinion upon mooted questions, and then proceed by their favorite arguments to controvert and dispute his views. They hail the approach of a friend to give him their testimony against some of his cherished notions, to inform him of recent facts that they have discovered and fresh proofs that they have received, as to the correctness of their own views and the fallacy of his. There may be twenty subjects on which they could harmonize with him perfectly, and where a mutual feeling cordially expressed would unite them in bonds of sympathy; but they prefer to seize upon a single point of difference, and harp upon it until the growing excitement and displeasure produces a mutual alienation of feeling, which at length separates them. Such a course convinces no one, helps no one, inspires no one; on the contrary, it nourishes an antagonism of feeling which is by no means an essential accompaniment of antagonistic views. It displays a vanity and egotism which are always offensive; it is directly opposed to the spirit of freedom, which is as eager to accord the right of free thought as to calm it; it is, moreover, the surest way to prejudice the mind against the very views which are thus unpleasantly forced into unwilling ears.

Upholding one's honest convictions is of course a very different thing from dogmatism, egotism, or even vanity, and men, therefore, may well be charitable toward those of different creeds in religion, and different parties in politics. Better always to cultivate our sympathies and correspondences, than our dislikes and antagonisms, and on such points as mercy, justice, and amiability, there is really no ground for disagreement.

Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Dead from Drowning.

I. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.

II. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.

III. Hold the body for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.

IV. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.

V. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.

VI. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that this is the most important step of all.

To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow or some firm substance under his shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breast bone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be appl ed with safety to a grown person.

VII. Rub the limbs with the hands or with dry cloths constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm.

VII. As soon as the person can swallow, give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea.

IX. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

Published at the request of the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1875.

Advice for Dull Times.

Advertising is a great bother. It only brings a lot of folks to your place of business. If they want you, let them hunt you up. Then if you get your name in the paper you will be bored with drummers, and people from the country will call on you and you will have to show them goods, and like enough have to do up bundles for them, which will exhaust your stock so much that you will be obliged to buy more goods, which is a great trouble. If you advertise, too, it gives your place a reputation abroad; folks will go there and crowd you, and make it too lively. If you don't want to do anything, keep as still as you can.

FILKINS, THE EXPRESS ROBBER.

Was His Skeleton Found in the Sewer o Clinton Prison?---Evidence that he is still Alive.---The Late Express Robberies Supposed to be under his Direction.

The case of the American express robbery and attempted murder of the messenger at Albany, a few years ago, writes a correspondent, is revived by the story that the skeleton of John L. Filkins, the supposed robber, has been found in one of the sewers leading from the Clinton prison. The robbery and the circumstances surrounding and succeeding it were all of a singular and interesting character, and the events which have developed from time to time since the imprisonment and escape of Filkins are of such a remarkable nature as to excuse the suspicion that this skeleton story is more romantic than truthful. Nothing in the line of American crimes was ever bolder or more skillfully planned and executed than the one in question, and that the perpetrator was ever found was due more to a series of Providential happenings than to any skill of the detectives.

The story of the robbery, as well as the events which immediately followed, awakened an almost universal interest at the time. One evening, in midwinter, when the owl train for Boston arrived at the Greenbush or East Albany station, one of the attachees of the train named Colson heard groans from the direction of the express car, and upon investigation he found that Halpine, the messenger, had been shot, the keys of the safe taken from him and the contents of the safe appropriated by the robber and would-be murderer. Although several bullets had been put through his head Halpine was yet conscious, and before being taken from the car he gave a minute account of what happened, and his statement was written down by the conductor of the train. He said that just after leaving Albany a man jumped into the car, and after firing upon him several times took away the keys and went hurriedly through the safe and then left the car just as the train had crossed the east end of the Hudson river bridge. He described the robber as a tall man, with heavy black beard, and was very particular in the description of his dress and general appearance. One or two parties were arrested on suspicion and afterward released. In the course of a few days suspicion fell upon Filkins. He had for a long time been pressed for funds, and suddenly he began paying up some bills which were held against him, and in their payment he tendered currency resembling that which was taken from the express safe. Another and more conclusive circumstance was the finding of a pistol on the ice under the bridge, which was identified by an Albany dealer as one he had sold to Filkins a few days before. It was then determined to arrest him, but when the officers went to do this he was not to be found. He was discovered in western New York shortly afterward, and had disguised himself by cutting off a full beard which he had worn for years. There was a long trial, in which the most eminent counsel was employed on both sides. The evidence, as may be supposed, was very strong against the accused, and he was convicted and sentenced to twenty years in the State prison. About the only points in his favor were the fact that Halpine's description was exactly the reverse of Filkins' actual appearance, and the establishing of his whereabouts a few moments after the shooting and robbery must have taken place. Neither of these circumstances, however, were sufficient to balance the weight of circumstantial and other evidence brought to bear against him.

I am not aware just now how many times the bold and shrewd genius broke away from the Clinton prison before his final leave taking. It is a matter of public record, though, that he got away two or three times, and on the occasion of his last departure it is related that he walked out boldly in the middle of the day, and that the officers were so dumbfounded that they did not realize what was going on until it was too late to recapture the prisoner. This is the story that was told at the time, and, if correct, there can be little truth in the statement that it was his skeleton which was found in the sewer of the prison the other day. The reported supposition is that he entered it via one of the water closets, and when he reached the end he found it secured by strong bars of iron and heavy walls of masonry. The idea that this skeleton was the mortal remains of the express robber is already disregarded, and the belief is current in some quarters that he is still alive and well in the neighboring Dominion of Canada.

Assuming that Filkins is still alive, it is not unreasonable to think of him in connection with some of the later express robberies in the western part of the country. All of them seem to indicate that the attempts were made or directed by a person perfectly familiar with the railroad and express business, and there is probably not in the whole United States a man any better posted in this respect than Filkins. Over twenty years of his life was spent in a baggage and express car. He commenced as a brakeman on a passenger train between Albany and Springfield, and for over twelve years he was through baggage master between Boston and Albany. Afterward he was a messenger for the American Express Company between Boston and Springfield and subsequently between Albany and Suspension Bridge. In the latter part of his career in the express business he had charge of the transferring of the money safes of the American Company in Albany, a position which he resigned for the purpose of engaging in business for himself. During all this time he was uniformly faithful and honest, and there were many days when millions of dollars passed through his hands. When he went into business for himself he was unfortunate, and, to relieve himself of the importunities of creditors, he became so desperate as to resort to robbery and murder.

He was always regarded as a singularly genial fellow among his friends, and in the qualities of bravery and recklessness there are few who could equal him. As a daring robber he possessed all the requisites, and that he ignored consequences is manifested by his bold and successful attempts to escape from the Clinton prison. The attempt made to rob a train on the Vandalia railroad looks like a job of Filkins' management. The engineer, Milo Eames, who was shot by one of the robbers, belongs in Washington, Mass., and was employed on the Boston and Albany railroad the same time that Filkins was.

A Touching Story.

The reason for the friendship to the white race of Spotted Tail is made known to the public as follows: Some years ago the family of this chief were living at Fort Laramie, garrisoned at that time by companies of an Ohio volunteer cavalry regiment. One member of the family was the chief's favorite daughter, a girl just entering upon her womanhood. The girl fell violently in love with one of the Ohio officers, a fine looking young fellow, who did all he could to convince her that her affection was foolish and hopeless. Day after day she hung around his quarters, waiting hours to catch sight of him, and perfectly happy if only able to follow him about. It puzzled her that she, a princess, was not able to win the love of this young soldier. At length her father learned how matters stood, and coming for her, sent her away among friends in the Rocky mountains. There she gradually pined away till finally the chief was summoned to receive her dying message. When he reached her side she urged him for his own sake and for the sake of his people to be at peace with the whites. This message given, she died. Her father had her body conveyed to Laramie and buried among the pale faces. Spotted Tail often speaks of his dead daughter, and once in a great council with the whites said: "Were not the hopelessness of resistance and the dictates of policy sufficient to restrain me from acts of war, the pledge I made my dead child in her dying hour would cause me to keep at peace with your children."

Gen. Rosecrans announces his intention of writing a book on the late war.

With a Grave Digger.

The song of labor, however pleasant it generally is, is dreary when it is sung by the grave digger's pick. The dull notes come blunted and smothered from the half-dug tomb, and the grating sound of the shovel as it gathered the earth of the newly made grave told its own story of death that found echo somewhere in a home of sorrow and mourning.

He was smoking a short clay pipe, and his coat was buttoned up close under his chin. He was down about four feet, and all the evidence there was of a human being in the grave was the tossing of clay and gravel to the surface. He spoke not a word, and after looking up and finding but a curious observer, he continued his labor. The robins sang and the sparrows twittered, and the newborn breezes of early spring sighed in the cedars and pines; and the cemetery, just disrobed of its mantle of snow, was indeed a weird yet pleasant picture.

"How deep do you dig 'em?" was the first question ventured.

The man looked up, wiped his perspired brow with his sleeve and bluntly replied, "accordin' to orders."

"On an average, how deep do you go down?" was the next question.

"Eight feet is a pretty good depth, sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less. I've dug graves ten feet deep in other parts; its all accordin' to how the soil is."

And the toiler went on with his work. He seemed impressed with the solemnity of his calling and he appeared unwilling to talk.

"How long does it take to dig a grave, sir?" was asked.

"According to what we have to go through. Sometimes it is clay, or gravel or rock. All depends on that. I've dug two in a day, and then we've been as high as three days at one. Then we had rock to go through several feet, and then again we have given up jobs when they couldn't be done, if we'd strike a solid ledge that we couldn't get through."

"Pretty hard work, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir; it's all stoopin' and mighty hard on the back. Ain't much room to turn around, and you've got to work right and left-handed. Some diggers gets paid so much for every grave and others are hired by the day. Most graves is plain, while the rest are walled up from the bottom. They cost more."

"Presume you are accustomed to tears?"

"Yes, pretty much," said the man with a sigh. "I'm been to many a funeral and seen a many a sad sight. Fillin' up the graves, and droppin' the dirt on the coffin lid when the preacher's say 'dust to dust,' ain't a very pleasant job at all times. Sometimes it's very tryin' to hold a woman and keep her from tumblin' right into the grave. But it only lasts a couple of minutes with us, and then they go and leave us to fill in the hole that we worked hard to dig out. It touches anybody's heart to see mothers get buried, and that's about what I hate most. When the smallpox plague was we were very busy. Sometimes we'd barry 'em and nobody would be around. It is dangerous then. When there is no graves to be dug we work around on the lots."

The above is the pith of the conversation held with the man as he toiled in the grave. He was blunt and plain, and spoke only when he stopped to straighten his back.

In the Detroit Police Court.

"Hold up your head, swell out your chest, and inform me, James Manchester, of the leading incidents in your career for the last twenty-four hours," said his honor to the next prisoner.

"He is the man who broke that winder," explained Bijah.

"Ah, yes. On or about the solemn hour of midnight last night you sailed down Larned street and maliciously and with wickedness aforethought smashed, broke, shivered, ruined, and destroyed a light of glass measuring 16x22, the said glass being situated in a saloon window."

"There was a fellow in there going to lick me," explained the red-necked James.

"And his name it was—what?"

"I dunno that, but he drew a knife on me about four weeks ago."

"Where was it?"

"I don't remember, but I know he's a reg'lar rough."

"And you fear him?"

"I do."

"And you expect he will stab you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess he won't—not right away. I'll make your sentence thirty days, and I don't think he will get into the house of correction and hurt you."

"I hain't done anything!" protested James.

"I know it—you are about to do something now—to make chairs."

"Well, I won't work!"

"I wouldn't either—I'd sit on a divan and do nothing but eat ice cream and drink champagne and read novels."

A Tornado Story.

Henry Ford, his wife and five children, of Detroit, while at the supper table, heard a hissing sound, which caused Mr. Ford to turn his head, when he saw, as he says, "an inky black cloud coming toward his house, the air being filled with the *debris* of buildings." Scarcely knowing what he did, he gathered his family about him and started for the back door. He reached the door of the kitchen, which opened into a wood shed, just in time to see the shed lifted bodily away from the main building and dashed against his back fence, completely demolishing both structures. Standing there in amazement, the family were still further affrighted by seeing the roof of their dwelling arise and sail away, followed by a wardrobe, articles of clothing and household furniture, until the rooms were literally bare of everything movable. Strange to say, not one of Mr. Ford's family was injured. Mr. Ford is a carpenter and joiner, and in searching in a lot about four hundred feet to the north found the roof his house in a pretty good condition.

Giants.

There were the great Scripture giants, Goliah and Og. The former was six cubits and a span high (1 Samuel, xvii, 4), variously estimated to be from nine feet six to twelve feet. Og is supposed to be even taller, for the fact that his bedstead is mentioned in Deuteronomy iii, 2, as being nine cubits long. During the reign of Augustus Cæsar, we read of two giants, Idusio and Secundilla, who were each ten feet high, and after their death their bodies were kept for a long time as a wonder. During the reign of Vitellius he sent Darius as a hostage to Rome with presents, and among them was a Jew by the name of Eleazer, who was ten feet two inches high. Gabars, the Arabian giant, was nine feet nine inches high. The Emperor Maximas was eight feet six inches high. Jacobus Damiun was eight feet. Walter Parsons, seven feet four inches. William Evans, seven feet six inches high.

His Idea of It.

General John W. Phelps, of Brattleboro, Vt., is represented by a very interesting article on "Thunder Showers"—a sort of compilation of phenomena observed by the author amid the Green mountains. He tells an amusing story of a storm which occurred in Brattleboro in November, 1860: It was on the day of the first election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. A pine tree was rent into fragments by it, and a passer-by, a voter, on seeing the extraordinary havoc that had been made, the white, shining splinters laying scattered over the ground, in all sizes, from the smallest sliver up to strips long enough for rails, exclaimed, in great excitement: "The thing is all up now; for the old Rail Splitter is around at his work!" Even thunder storms are wrested by some men into a political significance.

REMARKABLE GENEROSITY.—"Just as soon as you can earn money enough to pay our last month's provision bill, I say yourself and children a new suit of clothes, and pay your fare on the stage, you can come to me," was what a Winnemucca husband said to his wife a few days since, on the eve of his departure to the Nevada mines.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad

A wooden building occupied by the laborers working on the water works at Lawrence, Mass., was destroyed by fire, and two men out of the seventy occupants were burned to death.....The Minnesota crops will be above the average..... H. D. Denison, the canal contractor, has been committed to jail for thirty days for refusing to produce his books before the New York State canal investigating committee.....The Smith College for women was dedicated at Northampton, Mass., with great ceremony.....The secretary of the treasury has called in $10,000,000 of five-twenty bonds bearing the date May 1, 1862.....John D. Lee, one of the Mormons under arrest for the Mountain Meadow massacre, has turned State's evidence, and will tell all he knows of the occurrence.....A drunken man fell over the Canadian bank at Niagara, and although the distance was over one hundred feet, none of his bones were broken. When picked up he asked for more whisky.....The first bale of this year's cotton has been received at New Orleans from St. Landry parish, La. It was two weeks earlier than usual.

The college athletic sports at Glen Mitchell, Saratoga, were well attended and created the usual enthusiasm among the students. The one-mile running race was won by Barber, of Amherst, in 4.44½. The one-mile walk was won by Platt, of Williams, in 7.50. The seven-mile walk was won by Taylor, of Harvard, in 65.15¾. The quarter-mile run was won by Culver, of Union, in 55½ seconds. The half-mile run was won by Trumbell in 2.06¾. Mr. Taylor, of Harvard, came in first in the three-mile walk in 25.23. The run of one hundred yards was made by Potter, of Cornell, in 10¾ seconds. In the three-mile run Morrell, of Amherst, was victorious in 17.07½. The hurdle race was won by Maxwell, of Yale.....The Omaha *Herald* reports the killing of two Indians and the wounding of three others by soldiers, on the Little White Earth river, this being on the reservation. The Indians are intensely excited over the occurrence, and all negotiations and work of the commissioners are entirely suspended.....Notwithstanding the many afflictions, Nebraska has a crop of two-thirds the usual average..... Reports from different parts of Great Britain state that owing to heavy rain storms many streams have overflowed their banks and done much damage to crops.....The Emperor of Germany is visiting the Emperor of Austria.....The city of New York has received a bronze statue of Lafayette from the government of France.

The Toronto *Globe* says that notwithstanding the unfavorable reports at present circulating in England in regard to the financial prospects of Canada, there is nothing to justify any uneasiness. Although business is dull, there is little speculating; and the panics throughout the business circles of England and the United States have only rendered their merchants more cautious.....The London *Financier* states that the amount of coin and bullion in the Bank of England now is the largest ever known.....The Cornell crew were enthusiastically cheered at all the stations on their way back to Ithaca. On their arrival at that place the entire town turned out to meet them, and they were escorted through the principal streets by a procession headed by a band of music. Speeches were made by President White and other distinguished gentlemen.....The Troy *Times* says round dances have been prohibited by the Roman Catholic clergy, and as a consequence many of the picnics in that vicinity have been obliged to confine themselves to square dances.....George R. Brown, of East Rush, N. Y., was forced at the muzzle of a pistol to marry a young lady named Barber, by her brother-in-law. Brown left his wife immediately after marriage, and brought suit to have the ceremony declared void. Justice Smith, of the supreme court, after hearing all the testimony, declared that as the ceremony was performed under compulsion, it was null and void.

A number of negroes had a fracas in a gambling saloon in New York one Saturday night, which was renewed the next day about noon, in the course of which one of them cut Thomas Sorrell severely on the arm with a razor. Sorrell, maddened with pain and drink, started on a run through the crowded street with a drawn knife in his hand, and meeting a man who resembled one of his assailants, stabbed him in the heart, killing him instantly. He then sprang on another innocent colored man and stabbed him in the back, severing the spinal cord, which will result in paralysis for life if not death. The murderer was then seized and handed over to the police.....An Englishman named Bailey, of New York, deserted his wife and family for another woman, but finally repented and his wife received him back. She subsequently found a note he had addressed to the other woman, and upbraided him for so doing, when he attacked her with a stove lifter. The son, a young man of twenty-two, interposed, when the father struck him a number of times with the lifter, and the son drew a pistol and shot him dead. Young Bailey then gave himself up to the police.....A meeting was held on Sunday in Hyde park, London, to protest against the grant for the Prince of Wales' visit to India. Twelve thousand persons were present and violent speeches were made.....A terrible riot took place in San Miguel, Panama, as the result of religious fanaticism. There had been trouble between the church and authorities, and on Sunday, June 20, a priest named Palacions preached a violent sermon, which so inflamed the people that a mob arose that night and after killing Generals Espinosa and Castro, with many soldiers and prominent citizens, set fire to some sixteen houses. A British warship a few miles off send mariners to join a force to put down the mob, and thus the town was saved from conflagration. The leaders of the mob were all arrested, and many were shot. On the persons of some of the dead rioters were found passes which read: "Peter, open to the bearer the gates of heaven; who has died for religion." Signed George, bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of the bishopric of San Salvador.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson has tendered his services free to the proprietors of the Baltimore *American* in their defense of the libel suits brought against them by the board of public works. He writes that his motive for making the offer is on the ground that the freedom and usefulness of the public press is involved.....The jury in the case of Parker, one of the South Carolina plunderers, have brought in a verdict for the State for $75,000.....The Portuguese brig Farto was wrecked on Sable island, and the captain and two of the crew drowned.....There never were so many midnight robberies reported from all parts of the country as at present.....Fulton, of the American rifle team, won the St. Leger sweepstakes. Sir Henry Halford won the first of the Albert prizes by scoring ninety-eight out of a possible one hundred and five, and Gildersleeve, of the American team, scored ninety-two, taking the second prize. Coleman, of the Americans, won the match for the rifle association cup, at six hundred yards, by scoring forty-nine out of a possible fifty; Gildersleeve scoring forty-eight.....The commissioners sent by the Porte to tranquilize the people of Herzegovina have reported by telegraph that they are unsuccessful. The whole district between Mostar and the Austrian frontier, down nearly as far as Ragusa, is in a state of revolt, and the insurgents threaten death to all who refuse to join them..... The crops of Dakota are unusually heavy.

Thirteen miners and four wagons on their way to the Black Hills were captured by the military and taken to Fort Laramie.....The American rifle team is making arrangements in England for an annual match for the championship of the world.....The English rivers are again overflowing their banks on account of heavy rains..... Prof. Donaldson, accompanied by a reporter, started from Chicago in his balloon, and when last seen was sailing over Lake Michigan. Nothing having been heard of them since, it is thought they have been lost, and parties are now searching the lake for the bodies, being stimulated thereto by an offer of a reward of $700.....Commodore Stevens, commanding the Norfolk navy yard, writes to the department that there has not been any yellow fever in Norfolk for twenty years.....Forty thousand mil operatives at Oldham, England have decided not to accept the reduced terms proposed by the em[illegible]ers and trouble is apprehended....Patrick Echoe, convicted in Jersey City of killing his wife, was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.....Postmaster-General Jewell confiscated to government use three certified checks for $1,639, deposited according to law by a mail contractor who has since failed. The postmaster-general has also instituted suit against the bondsmen of over forty failing mail contractors.

Professional Diversions.

The concurrent pursuit of some department of observation, not in the direct line of the necessities of a professional man, always conduces to the integrity and health of his mind. In the words of a great orator, "it calms, elevates, and restores the jaded powers, clears the intellect, cools the judgment and raises the moral tone; it makes life less a drudgery, and more a liberty and a joy," for the lawyer or the physician to turn aside from professional reward and anxiety for some precious moments every day, and be in them a devout and happy scholar and "freeman of the universe." Nor are the incidental results of these diversions unimportant in the development of science. In many instances they have contributed directly to the success of the observer in his own professional pursuit. Newton was lounging in an orchard when he saw the apple fall. Hauy, by strolling among the plants in the king's garden, became permeated with the ideas of symmetry which Cuvier tells us led him to the discovery of the laws of decrement in crystals. The invention of the suspension bridge by Sir Samuel Brown sprang from the sight of a spider's web hanging across a path along which he was taking his morning walk. The best mechanic's bit is said to have been modeled upon the natural mechanism of a little insect. Some of the most wonderful combinations of color achieved in art have been gained